HAVE WOMEN MADE A MESS OF POLITICS ?
By JAY FRANKLIN

WEEK ENDING EPT. 3, 1932

Liberty

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America's Weekly

Barbasol

JOE PULLS A FAST ONE

COME ON JOE WE'RE GOING TO DRIVE UP TO THE INN FOR MAIL
I GOTTA SHAVE FIRST
YOU HAVEN'T TIME - BESIDES THERE'S NO HOT WATER
THAT'S ALL RIGHT I DON'T NEED ANY. JUST TAKE A JIFFY
JOE, ARE YOU CRAZY? HOW CAN YOU SHAVE WITHOUT HOT WATER IF YOU CAN'T AT HOME
BECAUSE I'VE GOT SOME BARBASOL
IT'S THE MODERN SHAVING CREAM MY GIRL - WORKS IN HOT OR COLD WATER, ONLY TAKES A MINUTE BECAUSE THERE'S NO BRUSH-NO LATHER-NO RUB-IN AND LEAVES YOUR FACE FEELING LIKE A MILLION BUCKS
WHAT'S-THAT!
WHY DON'T YOU USE IT AT HOME
I'M GOING TO FROM NOW ON NO MORE TORTURING A TENDER SKIN FOR ME - THIS STUFF LEAVES YOUR FACE FEELING SOFT AND SMOOTH LIKE SO MUCH VELVET WANTA FEEL?
GRAND! I'M GLAD YOU'VE GOT SOME SENSE AT LAST - ALL READY NOW
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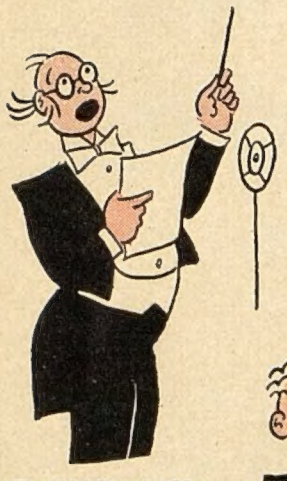

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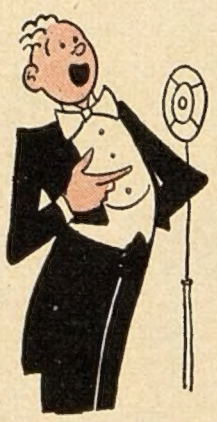

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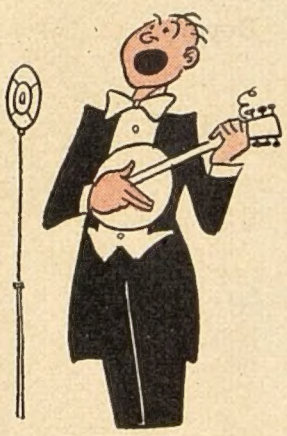

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Liberty

America's Best Read Weekly

SEPTEMBER 3, 1932 VOL. 9, NO. 36

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."
—Abraham Lincoln.

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TAXES—AND HOW WE HATE THEM!

More than a half century has elapsed since Henry George wrote Progress and Poverty. Therein he explained this paradoxical situation: the more progress we have the more we suffer from poverty—that is, some of us.

Great riches seem nearly always to bring extreme poverty, and Henry George pointed out a definite remedy.

Until our recent unpleasant experiences we had always been convinced that we were the greatest people in the world; that our customs and laws—everything American, in fact—were the best in the world. In comparing ourselves to the various foreign countries we always had a definite feeling of superiority.

But now we have been shaken from this satisfied complacency; we are definitely willing to admit that something is wrong. And Henry George told us more than fifty years ago that it is our taxing system.

Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, has maintained that the remedy suggested by this outstanding economist would be dependable. Tolstoy, the great Russian author, maintained that this system would ultimately be accepted by the world because it is so logical.

The advocates of the single tax maintain that it will discourage and ultimately destroy speculation in land which makes its price high. It will transfer the economic rent in annual land value to the public treasury. It will displace all taxes on labor and capital, all of which are taxes that increase the cost of living.

Taxation is invested with the power of life and death; it is a two-edged sword: if it is right it will conserve prosperity and dispel depression; but if wrong, it will create unemployment and make living costs unbearable. Our present system of taxing everything, it is maintained by single taxers, is oppressing both capital and labor. It is one of the causes of our financial troubles.

Every constructive effort we make adds to community wealth, to its land value; and that land value is our own because it is the product of mutual efforts. It is the result of gathering into communities, and of our cultural association, and of the social services we organize and operate. This wealth is just as tangible and extensive as wealth we create and store in warehouses and bank vaults or build into great city structures.

And here is where the single taxers maintain we should secure our funds to support our government—from land values. Exchange several taxes for one tax. They maintain that the advantage of this form of taxation is its simplicity and efficiency. The tax on land is out in the open, easy to inspect and easy to value. Compare this method with the present system with its horde of officials employed in administering taxes such as the tariff, income, tobacco, gasoline, etc., etc.

Taxation of land values will destroy the "industry" of holding land idle for years—sometimes decades—while population grows and makes it valuable.

And it is further maintained that the farmer would not suffer from this form of taxation because improved land would be exempt under this system. The farmer would be taxed only on what he would call the "run-down" value of his land.

The single taxers believe that their system will break up the bread lines and frozen deposits in banks, as well as in tin boxes and socks, and put both idle capital and idle labor to work building on vacant lots and in the business enterprises to follow.

Now that we are looking for remedies, even revolutionary ideas that will bring about a more equalized distribution of wealth are worth consideration, and the enthusiastic advocates of this single-tax system deserve attention.

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DOG *EAT* DOG

By

FRANK E. VERNEY

Pictures by KENNETH FULLER CAMP

(Reading time: 35 minutes 27 seconds.)

YOU may buy most things in London, from a lipstick on the spot to a revolution elsewhere, provided you go to the right shop, pay the right price, and don't disturb breakfast or golf. Similarly you may sell anything there, from your virtue in hand to a battleship at the bottom of the North Sea, so long as you do not make a public nuisance of yourself. But against this freedom of exchange and barter there is the law, which is corruptible in so few places that money is no argument. And there are certain international obligations and agreements which impede the contact of supply with demand and are distinctly unfavorable to the local practice of certain forms of unlawful initiative.

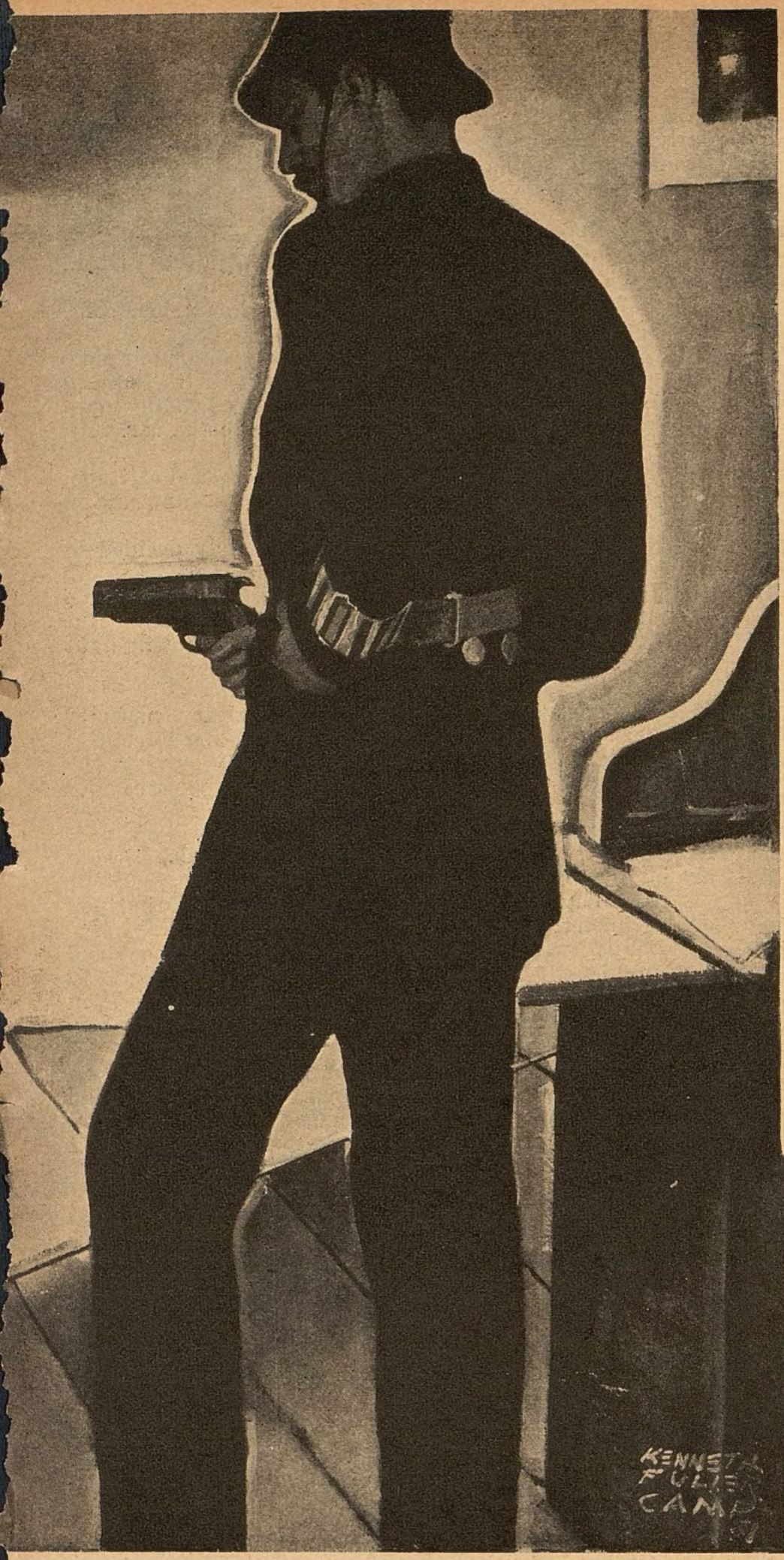
Her Royal Highness the Princess Weissenthurm of Albania was not in search of a lipstick or any other of the decorative devices for the subjugation of man. Nature and a "straight-eight" vitality had endowed her with all the personal equipment that any Helen of any Troy might require, including an indifference to such laws and agreements as she found inconvenient. The complexion she was after was a new one for Albania. And having combed those various byways of supply which are known to those who need them, she went to Captain Peter Wilde for the necessary cosmetics.

Von Steydel sat down on a broken chair. "This is terrible." To the policem

When the contact occurred between her Highness and Wilde, this retired but otherwise original gunner officer was expecting nothing so illegal as another job of gun-running, though he needed it badly. On the contrary, making the best of a business which is irregular in more senses than one, he was sitting on the window ledge of his sitting room in Old Burlington Street, thoughtfully watching a tailless but soulful cat strop its spine against an unresponsive iron lamp-post, and awaiting the arrival of a rakish two-seater, complete with fiancée and golf clubs.

Now, this discreet street of expensively reticent tailors and fashionable chambers for gentlemen who like to adhere to the precincts of Bond Street leads to nowhere that anyone wants to go, especially on Sunday mornings. Consequently Wilde observed with interest the slow approach of a big touring car, which had something in jade green at the wheel. Decreasing distance disclosed the jade-green something as an unusually good-looking woman with an air and the driving skill of an expert.

The piquancy of Wilde's interest faded when he observed that the car also held a top hat with a man inside it. If she was looking for anything, apparently it was not adventure; and in any case he was already booked for the day. Transferring himself and his attention from the window to Tannhäuser on his mantelpiece, he proceeded



Officer, I will give you five hundred pounds to get us out of this."

When an American Princess Goes in for Gun-Running, Something Is Certain to Happen

Offering the princess his pet Chippendale, which she refused in favor of the edge of an undistinguished oak wall table which displayed to advantage a pair of long silken fawn legs and seal-shod feet, and allowing the equerry his preference for the noncommittal position of attention, Wilde took the card, and read beneath the printed legend of its owner's name:

DEAR CAPTAIN: I give the Highness your name and address because she good business and not let me arrange. All right then I hope.

H. VASSILIKIDES, *Merchant.*

Wilde looked up from the card to a pair of appraising jade eyes and the coldly speculative regard of the equerry.

"CAPTAIN WILDE—it may surprise you to know that you have been the subject of important discussion at Scodra."

"It does, rather, madame," said Wilde. "But"—with a smile—"it seems to be my morning for surprises. May I inquire in what connection?"

"It surprises me too, now I've seen you," drawled the princess critically. "You do not look a bit like the go-getter Mr. Vassilikides assured me you were. I was expecting someone quite different."

Wilde, who was more than a little touchy on the subject of his round brown face and amiable curves which no amount of exercise could shape to his Euclidean ideals, fixed his china-blue eyes on her green ones and said:

"In the matter of appearance, madame, your own is a trifle misleading. You do not look much like the Balkans or business. But what is it that you propose I should go and get?"

Her Highness of Albania exhibited a sense of humor and a set of teeth which owed nothing to the dentist.

"I think we are going to understand each other," she stated. "I was American before I was Albanian, and my looks are partly hereditary and partly the Rue de la Paix. As yours do not matter, we need say no more about either. Captain Wilde, I want some guns for Albania, and I understand you are the person who can supply them."

At that moment the hooting of a familiar horn in the street below sent Wilde's hand to the bell push. Seizing some illustrated papers, he met his servant at the door.

"Richards—Miss Norah's just arrived. Take these down with my compliments, and tell her I'm having my bath, but will be down in ten minutes. Meanwhile, I'm not to be interrupted."

Closing the door, he sat down opposite the princess.

"Madame, you interest me extremely. Please go on."

Her Highness went on: "Captain Wilde, I have come specially to England to enlist your aid in the service of my

to whistle the Overture with all the skill of a professional *siffleur.* He was in the middle of a double-forte passage when his servant, an ex-battery sergeant who had no respect for unproductive noises, opened the door and announced in parade-ground throat:

"Sir. The Princess Wash-an-turn an' Colonel von Stable to see you."

And in walked the intriguing pilot of the touring car, green, cool, and possessive, followed by her male escort.

"Good morning, Captain Wilde," she said calmly. "I am the Princess Weissenthurm of Albania, and this is my equerry. Colonel von Steydel, please give Captain Wilde the card of our Greek friend."

Albanians. Since my husband relinquished the throne in favor of that hoodlum Stabat and his committee of representatives, they've suffered an increasing burden of poverty and oppression. Now this misrule has got to stop, Captain Wilde. It is the intention of the prince and myself to reëstablish the peace and content which existed before my husband's abdication."

"And how many rifles will that take, madame?" inquired Wilde.

Lifting the thin line of her eyebrows, the princess fitted a cigarette into a long green holder, took a light from her equerry, and replied slowly through an exhalation of smoke:

"I understood, Captain Wilde, from your Greek merchant friend, that you possessed the uncommercial attribute of a conscience or something equally *démodé*. Because I *want* to be sure of your help. I *wished* to explain the situation to you personally. The people of Albania—"

"Madame," interrupted Wilde cheerfully, "you need explain no more than you have done. I have a natural bias for the under dog, but my interest in the politics of any country but my own is a business one. If you or the people of Albania wish to establish domestic bliss by those weapons which are universally considered to be the only effective arguments, I might as well supply them as anyone else."

The princess studied him curiously for a moment through the smoke of her cigarette.

"Whatever your motives," she remarked, "I am glad I can count on your assistance. I presume I can count on it? I am advised that there will be a lot of risk and difficulty."

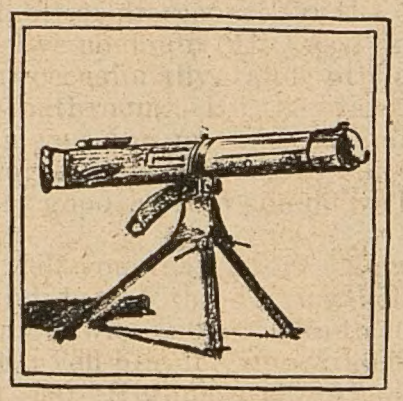
"The more risk the better, madame," Wilde assured her promptly. "Please don't misunderstand me," he added hastily. "I dislike danger intensely from a personal point of view. I approve of it only for business reasons. At my job, the bigger the risk the bigger the pay. Heroism by the dollar is one of my slogans."

The princess smiled. "Captain Wilde, I'm beginning to like you, after all. We shan't quarrel about terms, and I'll say no more about risk. But I must impress on you that your success is of supreme importance. If you fail to supply the guns by the appointed time they will be useless. The psychological moment will be lost."

"I confess to a similar feeling of urgency, madame. I feed on psychological moments, and trade has been extremely slack lately. If you will have the details prepared by—say—this evening, I shall be absolutely at your disposal. Meanwhile, if you will excuse me, I have another engagement."

"Colonel von Steydel can give you all the particulars now," said the princess. "Your engagement can wait."

Wilde grinned. "I am sorry, princess. My engagement does not happen to be one of the waiting kind. I shall be glad to see Colonel Steydel this evening, here or wherever is most convenient, when we will go into the matter thoroughly."



THE princess frowned as one unaccustomed to denial, and, for the first time during the interview, turned her eyes to her equerry.

The latter bowed and said: "Your Highness, this evening will be the same as this morning. It is the English Sunday. No time will be lost by postponing the business until this evening."

"Be it so, then," the princess assented. "Captain Wilde, I shall rely on you." And as she stood erect, green-sheathed, slender, in aspect completely incongruous with the affairs she had introduced so masterfully, the horn hooted again, this time persistently, impatiently. Walking to the window, she looked out into the street below, inspecting it leisurely the while she replaced her cigarette holder in its case.

Turning into the room again, she said: "Colonel, there is a lady in a car below whom I am sure we know. Please look and tell me who she is."

"The lady," interposed Wilde, "is Miss Norah Steventon. But at the moment, madame, her name is not of so much importance as her nature. I've kept her waiting rather a long time."

"Steventon!" the princess repeated. "But yes. Of course. She was presented to me last evening at the *diplomatique* dinner. Her father interested me particularly. Is he not the head of the British customs—those troublesome people who will not let me buy guns for Albania the same as I do any other goods?"

"Sir Nigel Steventon is certainly Chief of Customs," agreed Wilde. "And the customs service is responsible for preventing the unauthorized export of guns to certain countries."

Her Highness stared, laughed in genuine amusement, and held out her hand.

"Captain Wilde, I am pleased we have you on our side. Colonel von Steydel, please arrange a time with Captain Wilde for this evening. No, I don't require you any more this morning. I will take myself down to the car. *Au revoir*, Captain Wilde."

Colonel von Steydel relinquished his detached attitude, turned on Wilde a pair of eyes like blue glass, and said in tones to match:

"Now, sir, I conclude you have definitely decided to accept this commission of her Highness?"

"Your conclusion is correct, colonel. Assuming the proposition is feasible and my terms are accepted. But we'll know more about that this evening. How will eight thirty suit you, and where?"

THE equerry considered him like a sanitary inspector viewing a doubtful drain before replying abruptly: "Very well. We will leave it at that. My suite at the Ritz is Number Eighty-one. I will expect you there at half past eight. I shall want to know your resources—that you are able to carry out the commission. So far we have only the assurance of Mr. Vassilikides. The issues are important. I wish you good day."

"Good day," retorted Wilde pleasantly. "Mind you don't slip on the doormat."

As Wilde whistled himself into his hat and coat and took up his golf clubs, Sergeant Richards reported:

"Sir. That 'ere Vaseline-kidneys 'as been callin' you up on the telephone—urgent-like. 'E's a-going to ring up again or come round 'isself."

"And did Mr. Vassilikides leave any message?"

"Nossir. But when I told 'im you was engaged, 'e 'ad the cheek to ask who you was engaged with. So, bearin' in mind the message you sent down to Miss Norah, sir, I told 'im you was engaged in 'aving something 'e never 'as."

Wilde grinned. "Richards, you must get out of that army habit of disrespect for the oleaginous races. I've no doubt Mr. Vassilikides takes a bath occasionally, and probably in a marble bathroom. By the way, Richards, between you and me and the gatepost, we are going to do a little more gun-running."

"Very good, sir. When do we begin, and 'ow?"

"I'll tell you that later. Now open the door, and during the day get hold of Commander Conway and ask him to come round tonight. Tell him it's important."

That her Highness of Albania found humor in the intimate connection of her gun-runner with Sir Nigel Steventon is not to be wondered at, for in British customs circles the most harmless of contrabandists is regarded as a cross between a dose of cholera and a mad dog. But the humor Wilde had originally perceived in the situation was at times eclipsed by the fact that he could not see Norah getting a laugh out of it, should she at any time discover how he'd managed to pay off the mortgage on Wildescombe and refit the home farm. He had not adopted the trade of gun-running to take a rise out of his prospective father-in-law, but because chance had presented it as an opportunity of quickly acquiring the wherewithal to look a marriage contract in the face. He had left the army because glory is an ineffective substitute for currency when it comes to keeping a wife. He had then spent a year and half his gratuity in a vain attempt to convince the business world

THE owner of a large dump of ex-war stores was delighted to find a purchaser for six complete guns.

that fifteen years and half a dozen decorations in the service of King George does not necessarily put more bone than business into a man's head. After which he had stepped out of the white-collar queues of orthodox optimists, and put his remaining capital and initiative into a business with no prejudices and a quick reward for enterprise and effort. And, as he was pleased to learn at the Ritz that night, the totally unexpected Albanian commission came well into this category of business virtues.

Her Highness's requirements for the restoration of peace and good will in Albania, as presented without gloss by von Steydel, were twenty-four British machine guns.

"But why British guns?" asked Wilde. "You say you want British guns to fit your stock of .303 ammunition, and that you must have them in one month from today. Are you aware that there are two Continental patterns of machine guns which fire .303 ammunition?"

"Certainly I am aware of it! But as chief of staff to his Highness the Prince, and an artillery officer of some experience, I have decided that no guns be used but those bored exclusively for the ammunition we have. Am I to understand by that that you anticipate insuperable difficulties in supplying British guns?"

"I imagine you are aware of the difficulties," Wilde replied. "The idea I wish to exhibit is that, from the point of view of time and the minimum risk of interference with your plans, a Continental gun from a Continental port is preferable. One can bribe one's way in an emergency on the Continent, but that can't be done in England."

Colonel von Steydel waved the objection aside.

"That has been considered. It is why you are being employed."

"Very well," answered Wilde. "My fee will be eight thousand pounds—half paid now or tomorrow, and the

balance deposited in a London bank against evidence of delivery to San Giovanni."

"My good sir," said the colonel, without flinching at the price, "I don't do this sort of business on those lines. I propose paying you for these guns on the day you deliver them, and not before."

"And I do not do this sort of business on any other lines," said Wilde. "Half paid in cash, and half deposited in a London bank. Those are my terms."

"What guaranty have I that you fulfill the contract?"

"None. You take your risks, and I take mine. I do not run guns for amusement, or buy them as an investment. Those are my terms."

"I do not like it at all," stated von Steydel. "But in the urgent circumstances I am prepared to agree—on one condition. I must be informed of progress, and I must inspect the guns before dispatch."

"My dear colonel, a gun-runner does not supply progress reports or provide inspections. You will be notified of the probable date of delivery, which is the important point so far as you are concerned."

"I do not agree," von Steydel declared. "I must be in a position to report from my own personal knowledge that you have succeeded in getting the guns, that they are in correct working order, and that they are actually being exported. Without offense, Captain Wilde, I would ask you to realize that the mere word of a gentleman of your profession is insufficient to base a revolution upon."

"It is offensive," remarked Wilde—"damned offensive—but doubtless true. However, being a business man, I will meet you to this extent: When I have the guns collected ready for export, you shall come and see them. Is that satisfactory?"

COLONEL VON STEYDEL reflected before answering:

"Very well. On that condition I accept your terms."

Wilde whistled his way back to his chambers and an excellent supper cooked by Richards, and was at his desk when the other half of his distinguished but unregistered firm arrived and helped himself to a whisky and soda.

"A little nourishment to counteract the effects of shock," explained Lieutenant Commander Conway. "I've just lost one and ninepence to an admiral at bridge. What's the good leaving the navy if you've still got to lose money to admirals, I ask you? But why the S O S?"

"Another job of gun-running," said Wilde.

"Thank the Lord for small mercies," said Conway, flinging himself into a chair with a crash and putting his feet on Wilde's table. "It's just come in time to keep the red out of my by-pass book."

"Then listen," said Wilde.

Parking a clipped flaxen beard on a white shirt front, Conway listened, and by degrees achieved an expression of worried perplexity.

"Blast it all, Peter, d'you really mean you're going to have a shot at it?"

"That's precisely what I do mean. Eight thousand perfectly good pounds sterling! But I don't want to drag you in against your will."

"Hell to that," said Conway. "But why not wait until something easier turns up, like robbing the mint or kidnaping the President of the United States? I'm not surprised von Steydel expected you to turn it down. Running guns out of England is a bit thick. Mrs. Weissenthurm must be a bit of an optimist. Where in the name of fortune are we going to lay our hands on twenty-four British guns?"

"I THINK we are going to understand each other," she stated. "I want some guns, and I understand you are the person who can supply them."

Wilde handed him a neat file.

"That represents what you might call a mobilization return of such civilian small fry as deal in our line of goods when they get the chance and cash down. The hieroglyphics indicate their morals, stocks, etc." And he resumed work on his typewriter.

"Strike me pink, Peter!" Conway exclaimed when he had gone through the file. "I had no idea you had the business taped off like this. But I still don't see how we're going to get these guns. Why, you can't buy a pistol in the Strand without a license."

"We are not going to buy a pistol in the Strand, youngfeller-me-lad. We are going to buy lethal bric-a-brac in bulk. Quite a different proposition."

"Bulk or no bulk, seeing as we ain't Cæsar's wife,

Woolworths, or any other alibi, I guess we'll have to show a dealer's license to some of these blokes."

Wilde drew a quarto sheet from his machine, attached it to two others, and handed them to Conway. "For information and necessary action," he declaimed. "Gentlemen, and naval officers, you will observe that page 1 contains the General Idea of the Forthcoming Operation. Page 3, Operation Orders. Captain Wilde will command, and function in all staff duties, including Intelligence. Lieutenant Commander Conway will be O. C. Supply and Transport. Sergeant Richards will act as galloper and general bottle washer to the force. The special attention of all arms is directed to Military Precautions—page 3—which consist chiefly of regarding all individuals and communities as potential enemies."

Conway's remarks were interrupted by Sergeant Richards:

"That 'ere Vaseline-kidneys is 'ere, sir. What shall I do with him?"

"Bring him in right away."

SLEEK, well dressed, and honest-looking, as becomes a trader who is not above suspicion, the Greek merchant bustled in.

"My good friends," he inquired, "have you perhaps yet received the visit from her Highness of Albania?"

"I have," Wilde told him.

"And have you perhaps accepted the business?"

"I have."

"And how much moneys is it you will receive for this much difficult business?"

"What the hell has that got to do with you?" Conway demanded.

But Wilde answered the Greek quietly:

"Eight thousand pounds. Half in cash, and the remainder on delivery. Why?"

Vassilikides leaned forward in his chair and said:

"Mr. Captain—I have the commission been given to offer you five thousand pounds not to take any guns to Albania."

"By whom?" Wilde asked.

"That I cannot tell you," said Vassilikides. "I can tell you only that in Albania, where I have many business interests, there are much people who do not want business to be disturbed by another revolution, and they will pay this money to insure the Highness the guns not get."

"Sounds reasonable enough," Wilde admitted. "But if the princess does not get guns through me, it strikes me she's the sort who'll get 'em through someone else."

"That the Highness cannot do in time for the *festa* that brings to Scodra all the peoples once a year. Much delay has there been already. So much has been managed. If you the guns not take, all quiet in Albania for one year sure."

"Then why the devil did you give my name to the princess, if I'm the only hope?"

"I have big business in Albania, same as other countries. Her Highness know I deal in all trades, and she lock me in her castle at Scodra till I give her name of man she want or get the guns myself. That I cannot do and keep trade with all. So your name I give and she come herself."

"And you propose that I should now turn down the princess in return for five thousand pounds from your friends."

VASSILIKIDES caressed a fine sapphire tie pin, scratched a mole on his opulent chin with a well manicured forefinger, and smiled.

"You not turn down the Highness. You accept the order. Then in two, three weeks you tell the Highness you find job impossible. That make everything quite sure. It very good business for you, Mr. Captain. Yes? Five thousand pounds. No dangers. All profits."

Wilde blinked his triple blink and drawled to Conway: "Any remarks, Mike?"

Conway merely grinned anticipatively.

"Now listen to me, Vassilikides," said Wilde. "Give my compliments to your friends, and tell 'em your offer's really stimulated my interest in the affair. I've accepted the contract to supply the princess with what she wants, and that contract is going to be kept. By way of discouraging any other device in obstruction thereof, by you or your friends, you are hereby conscripted into the said contract, on the following terms: If and when those guns are duly delivered at San Giovanni, and received by the princess's agents, you will get your usual ten-per-cent commission for the introduction of the business. If the guns are not delivered, you will lose your beer factory, warehouses, and everything else you've got in Albania; for I shall inform the princess of your ingenious attempt to double-cross her."

"But that is not business," protested Vassilikides with vigor and feeling. "You may not get these guns. It is very unlikely. You to prison may go. I shall not be responsible. I make you good proposition. You refuse. It is finished. I want no commission. I have nothing to do with it. It not my affair if you fail."

"It's going to be your affair from now on," Wilde assured him cheerfully. "I'll relieve you of the commission with pleasure, but you will share the responsibility. If the princess does not get her guns, you will most certainly be in for it, as sure as God made little apples."

"Now what do you make of that?" demanded Conway, when Richards had conducted the Greek to the street. "You've probably soldered up Vassilikides, but what about his pals? If they know you are on the job, and intend stopping it, what's to stop 'em laying information at Scotland Yard?"

"If they were in a position to do that," said Wilde calmly, "I guess they would not offer us five thousand quid. Scotland Yard would want more than a rumor."

"But the customs wouldn't—with your infernal rival in love, Penten, at the head of their C. I. D. He'd be round here with his sleuths like a rat catcher and his terriers at a rat hole."

"Yes, I suppose he would, old cock," said Wilde, smack-

ing Conway on the back. "But you leave the worrying to me."

The first military precaution to be observed by Wilde next morning was a strictly unofficial visit to one Lakmer in the M. I. branch of the War Office, where Wilde himself had put in two of his last years' staff service, and so was of the brotherhood.

"Well, I'm blowed! Wild Peter drifting in here for information on heathen lands. Have they asked you to be king?"

"No, but they may, old cock, now that Douglas Fairbanks has refused," retorted Wilde with a grin. "If they do you shall be my valet, provided you can shingle."

"Well, here, have a seat. Konky, chuck me over the last Albania Report."

The junior officer of the Imperial General Staff who answered to the name of Konky produced the report, and Wilde spent the next half hour in studying his Majesty's inside information on the intrigues, conditions, and resources of that small but stormy kingdom. And there was one paragraph in that particular that secured his interested attention:

Colonel von Steydel, who reorganized the army for the late ruling prince, is known to have received large sums of money from the German industrial syndicate engaged in exploiting oil and minerals under contracts issued by Stabat. This officer was the secret mainspring of the revolt in 1919, which deposed Prince Heinrich of Weissenthurm and put Stabat in power. . . . Prince Heinrich, a Hapsburg, who spends most of his time at Monte Carlo, was suspected of being a willing abdicant at the time. In view of his intimacy with von Steydel, the inference is that his Highness was aware of von Steydel's secret work for the new régime and to have financially profited by it. . . . The princess, who is American and extremely wealthy (married 1924), is the real leader of the present Royalist party, and it is believed that the prince outwardly acquiesces in her ambitions only as the line of least resistance. . . . The princess and her supporters are apparently unaware of von Steydel's connection with the industrial syndicate and President Stabat, for he is still acting as military adviser to the Royalists. Another hypothesis is that he remains in secret touch with the syndicate, which is opposed to any change in the present form of government for Royalist purposes.

Wilde's deduction from the M. I. report was that the princess wore the trousers—which he had concluded already; that Albanian politics were just as twisty as he had supposed them to be; and that Colonel von Steydel was grinding an ax of his own in Albania. But, provided the money for the guns was forthcoming, her Highness's trousers, the prince's predilections, and Steydel's ax were no concern of the firm of Wilde and Conway.

At all events, he drove from the War Office to the Naval and Military Club in Piccadilly, where he picked up his partner in crime.

His second precaution was less military than obvious—getting from Colonel von Steydel a check for four thousand pounds. It was drawn on the Bank of England and signed by the princess, and von Steydel had it ready waiting for them. But the deposit note against the delivery of the guns at Giovanni he insisted on retaining until Wilde had shown him the guns.

FROM the Ritz, Wilde and Conway drove to Threadneedle Street, where they converted the check into a wad of evidence in favor of von Steydel and, from a gun-running point of view, a moderately good answer to the aspersions cast on that officer by the M. I. report.

The owner of a large dump of ex-war stores was delighted to find a purchaser for six complete guns, with no interest in anything beyond getting rid of a bit of dead stock at four times the scrap value at which he had bought it. The moribund depot of a deceased and officially unrecognized school training corps contributed two more. Six guns were dug out of a big but unobtrusive junk "shop" at Wapping, where they had reposed in discretion and verdigris since their deposit by some defunct Irish Sinn Feiners. A ship-breaker's yard at Woolwich likewise produced four from its metal shed, and the salesman was not even interested in the information that they were intended for a belated village war memorial.

Wilde did the buying with no other disguise than his own well fed face, which was as innocent of guile as a curate's. And as he bought, Conway and Richards, attired in the overalls of driver and mate of a covered motor van that bore the trade inscriptions of the firm it had originally served, transported the guns to the Shadwell warehouse that Wilde had leased from a bankrupt firm of anchor-chain makers.

The last item on Wilde's list to be collected was a large wooden case from a firm of automobile shippers.

"That," was Conway's comment over a whisky and soda in Wilde's sitting room, "is the one stroke of genius in all your books of the words. A case of anything else might seduce a customs lid-lifter into labor; but show me the baggage hound who is going to be suspicious of a Ford being shipped anywhere but heaven.

"NOW I'd like to know what you've been doing toward winning the war this last two days. Richards and I have been sweating blood, overhauling and cleaning those infernal popguns, while you haven't even dirtied your lily-white hands, bar when you condescended to O. K. the results. Last night, when I came up here creaking in every spring, I found you mixing Martinis with a blessed motor salesman. Tonight I find you whistling your guts out with one of those damned band pieces."

"My lad," rejoined Wilde, "intelligence departments don't broadcast to the rank and file. Information in the wrong place destroys morale, and too many generals spoil the omelet. The orders are: Tomorrow, inspection by Colonel von Steydel, taking over of bank-deposit note by Captain Wilde, packing guns in one Ford tractor case.

"Following day: Departure of said case by ex-coastal motor boat Minnow, now known as the Red Herring, with Lieutenant Commander Conway as navigator."

Here Richards entered with the announcement that one Ben Jones of Margate had arrived to report the berthing of the Red Herring at Joblin's Thames-side wharf.

"Give Ben a bottle of beer and my compliments, and tell him we'll take over the day after tomorrow. Meanwhile he and his mate will remain on board to receive stores and look after the petrol and other detachables."

"'Adn't I better tell 'im to polish up the brass work an' suchlike, sir, ready for hinspection?"

"Richards, you'll never be popular in civil life, but tell him if you like. And if he has any polish left when he's finished the Red Herring's plate, he can start on the buttons of the river police, in case we have to inspect them as well."

"Blimey, Peter, I wish to the Lord you wouldn't say things like that!" complained Conway. "My nerves ain't up to it. Until those damn' guns are outside the three-mile limit I shan't sleep. This business has been so darned easy, so far, that I'm wondering if the luck's going to last."

"Luck," repeated Wilde. "How long is it going to take me to wean you of these nautical superstitions? Luck is flapdoodle."

"Oh, really!" Conway murmured sarcastically. "And am I to understand that you won't call it bad luck if we all come to a nasty sticky end in the next few days, and you lose your best gel for keeps?"

"I'd call it bad luck all right, Mike," agreed Wilde cheerfully, "but it'd be bad staff work."

"Staff, hell!" was Conway's verdict.

Just before noon the next morning Wilde met Colonel von Steydel at the Ritz by appointment arranged by telephone, and conducted that officer in person to the warehouse at Shadwell. They went in von Steydel's car, which was waiting outside the hotel. Wilde directed the chauffeur. They found Conway adding a few lining-in touches to the stenciled legend MOTOR TRACTOR on one of the lid planks of the big case.

"There is another on the bottom, one on each end, and one on each side," explained Conway brightly. "Sweet

are the uses of advertisement. What do you think of the wrapper, colonel?"

"It is most clever," was von Steydel's interested opinion. "Most clever. I congratulate you. But will this box hold twenty-four guns?"

"Easily, colonel," said Wilde; "but it is only going to hold eighteen."

"And the others?"

"There aren't any others," Wilde now informed him, pointing to the long line of squat guns mounted on their tripods along the blackened wall of the warehouse, gleaming dully in the meager light of a single ceiling electric. "This represents what I believe to be the entire unofficial stock of machine guns in London."

"Then you have not fulfilled the contract!"

"In the letter, no; but in the spirit, yes," said Wilde. "Eighteen guns will make just as many holes in Mr. Stabat's program as twenty-four, and a fairly conclusive argument in Albania. If you insist on the other six, I can pick 'em up in Belgium. We still have ten days in hand."

Colonel von Steydel shrugged his shoulders.

"If these are all the guns that are available, we must be content with them. Now"—taking off his gloves—"I will see in what order they are."

He made a leisurely inspection of the guns, and at the end of it expressed himself as satisfied. "You will, of course, expect some reduction of the amount, as there are only eighteen guns?"

"The risk is precisely the same for eighteen as for twenty-four," declared Wilde.

Colonel von Steydel smiled. "It is my joke, gentlemen. I am not a trader. Here are the deposit papers"—taking them out of his breast pocket and handing them to Wilde with a stiff little bow. "I think you will find them all in order. There is just one other point. How do you propose getting the guns to Giovanni? I must send a code cable to warn my people there how and when to expect them."

"They will leave tomorrow by my boat the Red Herring from Joblin's Wharf on the Thames. And you can rely on them reaching Giovanni port in approximately twelve days' time."

"That is excellent." The colonel jotted down the information in an ivory-backed notebook. "I'll cable tonight. Now, it is my pleasure to insist that you both return to the Ritz with me to dinner, and after dinner her Highness will have returned from the palace and will add her thanks to mine."

"For my part, no insistence is necessary," announced Conway. "I am most partial to meals at the Ritz at other people's expense."

THE colonel laughed heartily. "And your man?"—indicating Sergeant Richards. "He too would perhaps go and have a good dinner at my expense, and perhaps to the pictures after, yes?"

"He has a few things to attend to before he goes," replied Wilde. "Now, colonel, I suggest we make a move. Commander Conway has a thirsty look in his eye."

Leading the way across the warehouse and along the sunk "drive-in," he took them through a right-angled passage to the office exit. Switching off the light, he opened the door to allow von Steydel and Conway to precede him into the street—and gazed straight into the beams of an electric torch. Blocking the doorway were four policemen.

"What's going on 'ere?" demanded the leader.

Wilde clicked on the light that was just sufficient to illumine the uniforms of a sergeant and three constables, the flabbergasted face of Conway, and the set features of the colonel.

"What the deuce do you mean by this?" demanded Wilde, whose eyelids flickered an indication of a tension that belied his even tones.

"We'll see about that," said the sergeant curtly.

One of the constables stepped quickly to Conway, another to von Steydel, and the third remained by Wilde and the sergeant. "Anybody else here?" snapped the sergeant.

"Only one—only one!" cried von Steydel, whose nerve appeared to have suddenly collapsed. "He's in the warehouse."

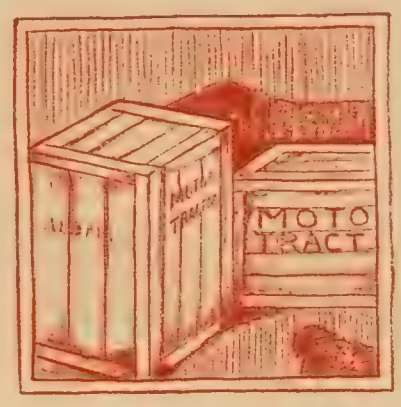
"Come on," snarled Conway. "Let's—" But before he could complete the sentence, or his movement toward the sergeant, the policeman raised his truncheon and crashed Conway to the floor. Simultaneously Wilde found a revolver pressing into his ribs, and von Steydel shrinking into the wall under the intimidation of another weapon.

"Open that door," ordered the sergeant, pointing to a side office. One of the constables obeyed, and found the switch. "Now, you—and you," to Wilde and von Steydel, "get along in there."

Wilde went, and the colonel—Conway being dragged in.

"Now then, you"—to the armed constable—"stop here and guard these three prisoners while I search the premises. And shoot if necessary."

Von Steydel sat down on a broken chair as the sergeant and two policemen left the room.



"THIS is terrible," he announced. "It will not do for me to be mixed up in this affair." To the policeman: "Officer, I will give you five hundred pounds to get us out of this."

"Here, come away from that," the policeman ordered. "He'll come round himself. You get back."

Wilde looked him up and down and remarked: "Since when has the London police force adopted the habits of thugs?"

He went to a washing fixture in the office wall and got some water in a broken cup. He flung this on Conway's face. It was a good five minutes before Conway sat up.

"How are you feeling?" Wilde asked.

"That's what I'm trying to find out." Conway's glance wandered from Wilde to von Steydel, and lingered on the policeman with an intensity which caused that officer to remark abruptly:

"You are under arrest," a warning which he underlined with a minatory movement of his revolver.

"Hell's bells!" Conway exclaimed. "I've got it now. Where's the rest of the party? Why the devil didn't you make a dash for it when we had the chance?"

"What's the good dashing against the police? We must make the best of it. Have another drink of water." And Wilde went again to the tap and refilled the cup, while Conway scowled at the watchful policeman.

Wilde came back with the water, and, as he reached Conway, tripped as though over Conway's legs, and fell toward the officer, who was sitting with his legs dangling from the table. Cup and water flew straight ahead with the speed of a cricket ball and caught the guard in the face, and at the same minute Wilde's hands reached his legs and jerked him to the floor. Conway was on the pistol almost before it finished its parabola, and Wilde was on the guard's chest with his fingers round the man's throat. Von Steydel, as completely surprised as the policeman, sprang from his chair with a shout that brought a silencing snarl from Conway, who was commanding the situation with the policeman's automatic.

Wilde got up. "Now, Mike, stop here with these two while I go and reconnoiter."

Moving swiftly and silently along the passage, he crept into the sunk "drive-in" and peered along the deck of the warehouse. Richards was watching two of the police hammering at the guns, while the sergeant, revolver in hand, directed operations.

Reaching the bales of wood shavings at deck edge opposite the guns, he levered himself up to the level, less than eight paces away from the occupied group. Then crisply he ordered:

"Hands up, everyone! Don't move—you with the revolver—or I'll drill a hole in your back!"

The concluding installment of Dog Eat Dog will appear in next week's Liberty.

Have Women Made

(Reading time: 7 minutes 40 seconds.)

VOTES for women in the United States after the World War have been as great a failure as votes for Negroes after the Civil War—and for precisely the same reason. There are many clever, intelligent, and sensible women, but the great mass of women are not fitted for participation in self-government, by education, tradition, or physical and mental attainments. As ideals, votes for women and votes for Negroes were unanswerable. But, like all great political reforms, the argument completely ignored the facts.

The Nineteenth Amendment has been in force for twelve years. Have women justified their existence in national politics? The answer, as every honest politician (not speaking for publication) knows, is that they have not. We were told that women would purify and ennoble our public life. We were told that they would root out corruption and introduce a much needed note of humanity and common sense into the administration of national affairs. And the whole theory triumphantly ignored the fact that the mass of women did not want the ballot, were not interested in public affairs, and were not especially pure or noble in comparison to men.

An Outspoken Comment in Which a Male Observer and Critic Dares the Wrath of the Feminists

The result has been exactly what should have been expected. Men had made a pretty bad mess of politics up to 1920, but it was nothing to the mess to which women contributed as soon as they had the chance.

In the first place, women are not public-minded. On the whole, their lot in life is to be cooks and housekeepers, wives and mothers, to take care of their men and their children. That's what they've been doing for thousands of years, and there is no evidence of any great change in the immediate future. Where a man has to go out and earn a living in any one of several hundred occupations that bring him in contact with his fellow men and with their ideas, a woman is tied down to the cradle, the bedstead, and the stove.

This is not a criticism but a fact. In spite of all the hundreds of women's clubs and the numerous women's political organizations, women are still domesticated rather than civilized.

In the second place, women are instinctively and naturally conservative. They have the penny-wise dollar-foolish point of view which is inseparable from housekeeping. We need conservatives in politics always, but we also need radicalism. Men are more willing to experiment with change; if one thing doesn't work, to try another. They are always disposed to take a chance politically; women—whose whole nature is schooled to take chances only on the physical side—insist on playing safe in politics. The result is that now, at a time of great crisis, we have one of the most backward and slow-moving bodies of voters in the entire civilized world.

Finally, women are actually indifferent to public life. When we gave them the vote we doubled the number of eligible voters, but we did not begin to double the number of these who actually bothered to use the ballot. The percentage of qualified voters who voted in our elections dropped like a stock quotation in 1920 and is now only about 50 per cent of the possible total. This means that the professional politicians dare not take chances with the issues which really interest the voters for fear that some of that silent 50 per cent (mainly women) might be annoyed enough to come out and vote against those policies. The general belief (entirely erroneous) that the mass of American women support prohibition has hitherto prevented politicians from making any serious effort to eradicate the greatest evil in our public life. This mass of lazy women voters leads to a general hypocrisy in politics in which a sex scandal can ruin a great man's career overnight. Fifty years ago the men of Victorian America elected Cleveland to the Presidency in spite of the admitted fact that he was the father of an illegitimate child. Can you imagine the politicians and voters of modern "emancipated" America having such courage?

Not only in theory but in fact our women have made a hopeless mess of their political opportunities. When Miss Jeannette Rankin, member of Congress in 1917, refused to vote for war with Germany, she did not base her refusal on any of the numerous reasons which have since emerged to justify such a stand. With tears streaming down her face she cried: "I love my country, but I cannot vote for war!" because war was terrible, brutal, and incalculable. It is the same sentimental attitude which leads the Laura Puffer Morgans, the Dorothy Detzers, the Jane Addamses, the Mary Woolleys, and the others of the female pacifist lobbies to weaken American armaments and to render America more and more powerless to defend herself in a well armed and predatory world during one of the most dangerous eras of modern history.

If untrained American men are mowed down by enemy machine guns, if American women are raped and American babies bombed in the future wars which our wisest statesmanship is striving to prevent, it will be largely because of these sentimental activities of American women.

Another great illusion of those who believe that our women are fit for politics is that they are a pure and reforming element. They are not. They are people, with much of the same weaknesses as men. Mrs. Florence Knapp, a New York up-state Republican woman politician, had to be sent to the penitentiary under the Corrupt Practices Act for pay-roll padding. Magistrate Jean Norris of New York City had to be removed from the bench in connection with the filthy scandals involved in the police Vice Squad preying upon and "framing" prostitutes. Governor Ma Ferguson in Texas was iden-

a Mess of Politics?

ABSOLUTELY!

Says

JAY FRANKLIN

tified with an administration which was widely regarded as having been one of the most corrupt ever known in the Lone Star State. Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick in Illinois played so close to the old Republican machine that she performed the miracle of losing the Senatorship to a Democrat in one of the most overwhelming Republican states in the Union. Within a hundred miles of Washington a woman county treasurer—a school-teacher at that—has lately been arrested for embezzling the county funds. And, of course, there is always that corrupt monument to the hypocrisy of some of our American women—the Eighteenth Amendment, and the rank growth of graft, crime, and death which grows around its pedestal.

NOR can it be said that women have introduced any real note of humanity into national politics. We are in the midst of a great economic depression which has brought suffering and privation to millions of women and children throughout the country. Do we find our women politicians up in arms to compel the men of America to adopt a more merciful policy? Are the women of Kentucky—to select but one instance—demanding that the reign of starvation and terror in Harlan County be brought to an end? What do we see in Congress? What has Mrs. Caraway, the Senator, or any other woman in politics done in the Great Depression?

Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen represents a Florida Congressional District in the House of Representatives. What has she done conspicuously to promote humanitarian legislation during these hard times? How about those other women in Congress, Mrs. Kahn of California, Mrs. Rogers of Massachusetts, Mrs. Mary Norton of New Jersey? Do you hear their voices raised in a plea that the men stop milling around and do something practical to prevent starvation and malnutrition? You do not. The women in politics are saying little and doing nothing in the face of the greatest challenge to humane political action that our generation is likely to see.

Women have neither purified, softened, or simplified politics. Instead, they have added to the dead weight of civic indifference and mental laziness which is threatening to break down our political institutions. Their sex is, when all is said and done, an insuperable handicap to active political life. This is not so much due to the periodic and childbearing disabilities which depress women in ordinary economic life. The conventional curse of Eve can be, and has been, lightened by proper hygienic care and by the spread of labor-saving machinery. There is no reason to suppose that we cannot devise some technical and social system which will put women on a practical business equality with men. That has already happened in many fields of business activity.

The real sex disability of women in politics is this: A man does not begin to develop the wisdom, experience, and balanced point of view which fits him for great political office until he is about forty-five. With very rare exceptions, the world's great political leaders have been men of between forty-five and sixty. However, just at that age when a man is attaining real maturity of thought and power of leadership, a woman is at her most erratic. The curse of the climacteric descends upon her, renders her flighty, unstable, emotional, and unreliable, and may completely alter her character and temperament. And even if she survives this—the real curse of Eve—with undiminished serenity, old age is upon her. A man can look forward to twenty years of active life after the age at which a woman is practically disqualified.

When women can change that fact it will be time to admit them, as a sex, to complete political equality with men.

Unless they can prove their staying power in public life and unless they can contribute more to American politics than the irresponsibility, confusion, and corruption of the last twelve years, we must regard the grant of votes to women as a great and dangerous blunder.

THE END

Into

Pictures by
DELOS PALMER

SHE looked at Old Doc's white head bent toward her, and the fear that had begun to leap up in her died.

(Reading time: 20 minutes 31 seconds.)

OLD Doc Henry rode into the minute township of Budwella through the steady downpour of rain. In his pocket was a present for a little girl of whom he was fond. He had carried it a hundred miles from the railway terminus. At times he put one large hand to the pocket, to make sure it was keeping dry.

Nelly, his large gray mare, set her feet down with distinct disapproval in the sticky black mud of the single street; but now that she was in town she wanted him to buy her some lollies and perhaps half a loaf of bread.

She edged hopefully toward the iron-roofed shanty which was Budwella's combined bakery and store.

They were just halting before the Promised Land when a running man appeared from out the shimmering gray walls of wanly twilit rain and grasped at the doctor's bridle.

"I thought I see you, Doc!" cried the newcomer. "We been trying to locate you all day. Jim Bard's wife's time has come too soon."

"Chut! Chut!" muttered the doctor compassionately. "She's not alone?"

"Yes, an' he was riding all night an' got a spill an' was broke up something fearful—"

"Chut! Chut!" and there was anger in the exclamation now. "Drunk, I suppose?"

"An' he couldn't mount again, an' he come the rest of the way holding to his horse, an' by the time he got to town he was fainting an' he was pretty near being dragged. He's fearful to see, an' he's near off his head because his wife's by herself there, an' the river's rising!"

Old Doc clicked his tongue. "He should have begun to give her some thought sooner—spared a bit of time from the bottle." Then he relented. "We must fix things," he said in the deep, sturdy voice which, during his thirty years of practice had brought into so many places of pain and confusion the blessed sense of someone's being equal to much graver situations than the one about to be met.

With his guide plodding beside him, he turned Nelly down the streaming street; sitting very upright in his saddle, a very large active-looking man with a grave, bright-red face under the whitest, thickest, most upright hair in the West. Hair which neither summer suns nor winter rain induced him to cover, and which at the moment was all set with gathering and spilling moonstones of water.

The tightness with which the absence of his hat had forced him to fasten his waterproof collar even added to the normal crimson flame of his countenance.

Over many, many square miles he was known as "Old Doc," and relied upon with much the same rather ungrate-

THIS WORLD

The Story of a Brave Man Who Gambled His Life that a Mother and Child Might Live

By DOROTHY COTTRELL

ful confidence with which men await the coming of the sun. Nor was the confidence misplaced. If he could not "fix" a thing, it was bad indeed.

Presently he stood by the bedside of a feverish young man, who clutched at his large hand, and in whose ravaged face there was the tangible stamp of death.

"How far did you come like that?" asked Old Doc ferociously. "A blankety foolish business, that! Nice work you'll have given me."

"I'm all right," said his patient between tortured lips. "I'm fine. It's *her*, Doc, I'm worrying about. She's alone—quite by herself—and our first baby coming! Oh, it's taken me such *infernal hours* to get here! God knows what may have happened. . . . Something was wrong yesterday!" The voice sank to a whisper. "I—I was drinking, and I didn't realize . . ."

"Don't throw yourself about like a contortionist!" said Old Doc. "I'll be out to her in no time. You poor fool, now! Steady now, till I cut this trouser leg, now! . . . Why, tomorrow or next day I'll be back to say you're a father of twins most likely. . . . There, I know that hurts like the fiends. But don't you let a chirp out, and be damned to you!"

And because he needed to see clearly he blinked back the tears sprung from the knowledge that before he could return neither youth nor agony nor love and fatherhood would trouble the young face any more. Not even folly and remorse.

"It's not that!" cried the young man vehemently, livid with suffering. "The river's up. . . . There's five miles of water. . . . No one can get there, they keep telling me! . . . You must try it by the woods, Doc, through the channel to the middle sand island. . . ."

"We'll be there in an hour or so, Nelly an' me," said Old Doc. "Now you just go into a nice faint for a bit and we'll get this leg back on the narrow path."

BUT when he finally left the sick room he was very grave.

"He's sleeping nicely now," said the old physician, large red hands stuffing his pipe, eyes looking vaguely beyond the crowding men about him. "He'll stay easy now—till things won't hurt him again."

"He thinks you're going out to her, don't he?"

"I told him I was starting right away," said Old Doc. "So I hope you've fed Nelly. There never was a horse to find her way through water like Nelly."

Shifting their pipes, men began to talk loudly:

"You're never really going to try it? . . . Why, you haven't a dog's chance, Doc!" They pushed about him, with clamor of voices, where the lamplight fell on his white, white hair. "You can't possibly make it. . . . What's the use? The channel is backed up for miles!"

"Maybe it wouldn't be more than three or four miles at the woods?" said Old Doc.

"You can't keep to a straight course on a night like this. . . . Why, Doc, it's plain suicide!"

"I thought maybe I could steer by the current."

"How could you? It swirls a hundred ways in them swamps!"

"Well, I'll have to trust in luck—an' thinking of something," said he, and smiled. "Tell the boy when he wakes that I'll be with her," he said. And, fastening his straggling collar, he pushed out into the rain and mounted Nelly.

The lights swam in rain as he plodded out along the swimming street. At the bakery he diverged.

"Two loaves of bread, Mrs. Swanley, an' a packet of her favorite candy."

"You're spoiling her tonight, Doc," said the woman as she passed them to him.

He did not say "It may be for the last time," but the fear that it was set his hand fumbling at Nelly's dimpled hip. Aloud he said, "She's taking me a long ride tonight!"

THEN his hand moved again to the present in his pocket. He very much wanted to deliver it—a small, fur-lined "aviator's cap" to keep a child's ears warm on cold mornings.

He had watched at the birth of the little girl for whom it was intended and was very fond of her. In the weariness of long trips he often got comfort from the thought of her little rosy face lighting at seeing him. He put down the temptation of visiting her, however.

"Would you do me a favor, Mrs. Swanley?"

"Sure I would, sir!"

He extended the package.

"Would you give this to little Martha Semple tomorrow? Tell her it's from Old Doc. Tomorrow is her birthday."

The bakeress looked surprised.

"Why, didn't you know they'd gone?"

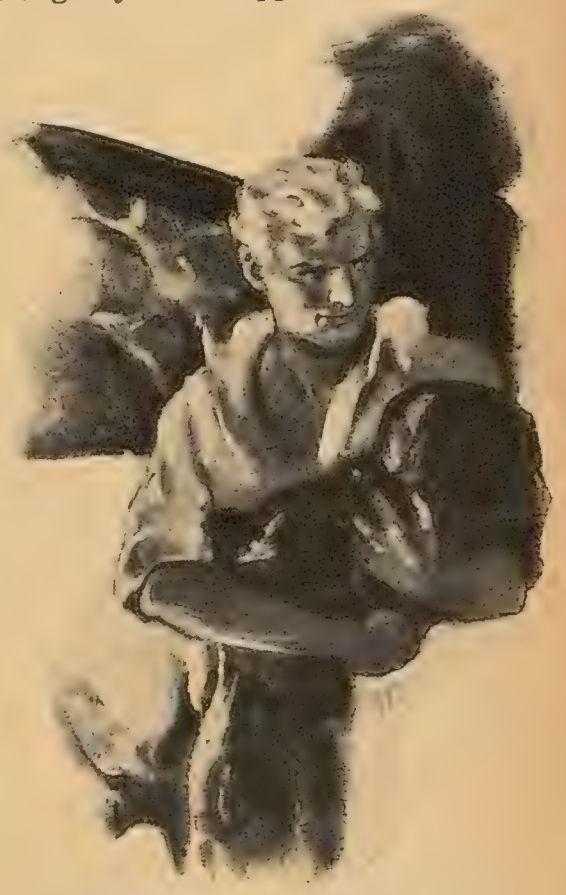
"No," he said slowly.

"They been planning to move for months. Sunday before last he got his transfer. I didn't think you'd been out of town that long."

"I haven't," he said vaguely. "I suppose they forgot to tell me." He added, keeping his face averted, "Keep the parcel for me until I get back."

Then he thanked her, and turned Nelly into the dark. He was hurt and in a way ashamed. He had been very fond of the child's young parents, and had believed that they were fond of him. Yet they had not cared enough to tell him of their intended transfer or to think of saying good-by.

He thought of the care which he had spent in choosing the present from the mail-order catalogue, of the pleasure he had thought it would give them all. And they were gone!



This was in a sense his son!

HE heard a shrill cry of terror and agony as the cruel thing struck her side.

Tears—not the troublesomely ready tears of his compassion but ones of slow-burning loneliness and shame—pricked against his lids.

Lonely old men made fools of themselves about people who didn't give a button for them. Ought to have a son or someone of their own to fuss around with and love and dream over!

He didn't doubt that the little girl had loved him—but she would forget. A man should have a son of his own.

The town was behind him now. On either side, dimly seen, a deeper black in the weeping darkness, lay the scrub. Nelly's warm, sturdily moving strength between his knees was strangely comforting; his only comfort. At times he reached forward and felt her nubbling, velvety lips as he gave her a piece of bread or a sweet.

In his many years he had ridden many horses, but Nelly he had nursed from the time she was a staggering foal, and he loved her more than anything else in his solitary life of service.

Above the sound of rain there came to him another sound: the ominous gurgle of deeply flowing water. He was upon the backwashes of the river—and that some two miles before he had expected to reach it! Never in the time he had known the river had he seen it back up so deeply.

HE halted in the chill darkness. Suddenly profound resentment plucked at him. What did it all amount to—his laboring and his long hours and his struggle?

It was taken quite for granted. It was soon forgotten. When he was dead—as, unless he turned back, he almost surely would be dead by morning—why, then he would be forgotten utterly!

As reward for all his years of toiling he had acquired nothing to love and nothing to love him save a fat old gray mare. And now he was being asked to drown her! She was too old to stand such a journey as the one before them.

"Young fools!" he thought. "Young fools!"

The girl, gentle and timid, should never have looked at the wild young fool she had married. He hadn't been faithful to her, either during marriage or courtship, but she had never had eyes for anyone else. Had been blind to his faults; worshiped him.

They shouldn't have married. They shouldn't have been having children. Poor as church mice—a delicate girl and a ne'er-do-well! Having made the mistake, they should have got her to the hospital weeks ago.

He had told them so. But no! Let it run on into a mess like this. Then the man breaking himself to pieces dashing through the night on a message that would have been delivered quietly a week before by any rational being.

Memories of all the night rides of his life rose in the doctor and angered him in retrospect. He felt wrath with humanity for its incompetence with life and love after all these eons of playing with them.

AND after things were in a hopeless muddle he was supposed somehow to untangle the mess! He saw his life as a long struggle to repair the effects of human folly.

This was too much!

Why, when that broken-legged boy had talked to him, he hadn't even asked if he would go—he had just explained how! That was the way with them all.

He would go back. No one had a right to expect him to go on. No one thanked him for all the risks he had taken for others' lives.

Then he thought of how the tortured, dying boy had gone to sleep when he had explained the crossing to him—not even asking him to promise to go! Thought of how people called him Old Doc, even if they accepted him casually. Thought of the young girl alone out there in the darkness with the first great terror and agony of life. She was only seventeen. He had seen her married. She would perhaps be listening for him! And he had promised her, six months ago when he told her that she was going to have a baby, that he would be there "to make things all right." His reasoning was never intricate. He did not feel that the seeming impossibility of fulfilling the promise absolved him from it. She had sat before him very flushed and wide-eyed with the newness of life, and half afraid at the thought of what must come; then she had smiled.

Old Doc turned up along the black edge of the unseen but murmurously audible flood toward the woods. It was difficult, dangerous going, and twice Nelly stumbled in unseen rabbit warrens, *(Continued on page eighteen)*

Women!

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PHANTOM KOTEX
and 1 box KLEENEX

95c Value

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At all drug, dry goods, and department stores

(Continued from page sixteen) and twice he was bumped against unseen branches. At last, however, he found himself among the trees, with their sighing, melancholy branches. The rain had stopped temporarily, while behind the clouds the moon was risen and, as he had hoped, a faint watery light broke through.

The main difficulty on a night such as this would be to avoid turning upon his own tracks. Well, he would fix that by starting an old log burning as a guide fire—a light not to follow but to keep behind him!

He would force Nelly straight out into the water for as far as she could wade. Then he would let her follow that instinct of hers for "good going" among the winding arms of the channels, until, he hoped, they would make the long sand island, where they could rest a bit before facing the real river with its perils of racing current and descending logs.

When his fire was going strongly in the heart of a fallen giant, he remounted, patted Nelly, and put her to the water. Her ears rose questioningly. She looked back at him to make sure that he really meant it.

"Gee up!" he said. "Gee up, you old humbug!" Between the rosy fire snakes reeling among the black trees and across the black water, they set out.

The water, gurgling with barely perceptible motions about the tree trunks, was up to Nelly's gray knees, then the doctor felt it against his booted feet. Then it was up to his ankles and seeping in icy driblets through the lace holes. Before him the sounds of flood grew louder. The roar of moving water. The jar of floating trees colliding in the current. Once he heard the frightened half-smothered bellowing of a bullock being washed down river. It had often pleased Old Doc to think that he was not afraid of death; nor was he, as an abstract idea.

And yet, listening to the growing sounds of the river, alone here in the overcast night, he was afraid. All the life in him crying, "Wait! Wait at least for daylight!"

But "something had been wrong" twenty hours ago. How was the seventeen-year-old mother faring now? And if the rain continued, every hour would make the river worse; minimize his chances of crossing.

Nelly was trembling between his knees—and he felt reproached, shamed, by it. She was afraid, as he was; eager for life, as he was; and yet the steady forward action of her large hoofs did not cease! She was obedient, even unto death, to the laws of her life, which she could only in part understand. The laws of his life, which he also could only half understand, commanded that he go on to try and help a girl in her agony; try to save a new life. Surely he was not going to be shamed by his old gray mare. He clicked his tongue in self-apology. He was a nice one to have thought of turning tail!

The water struck him in the face, deluging him icily as Nelly righted from a stumble. The cold shock of it cleared his brain. From that moment he was into the fight without regrets.

THE middle island should not be far away now. There he would make sure of his case straps, and get ready for swimming. There Nelly could rest a bit and shake herself. He hoped that it would not rain heavily enough to put out his fire. But now he was not afraid. He was only sorry for his comrade in danger.

He could not understand why they were not upon the island now. He had kept the fire directly behind him. The island—their faint chance of making the crossing—must be at hand. Nelly was part swimming, part wading now.

He could not have swerved at all, could he? He glanced back to make sure—and was startled to be unable to pick up the fire.

"It's not raining?" he questioned. He looked at the blurred gray sky. His log should have burned for hours. He pulled Nelly upcurrent a little to see if a tree had interposed between himself and the fire. No. It was out!

With this knowledge he realized the cause. The river was rising far faster than he had thought, and the waters had engulfed his guiding spark. With this realization came another: *There was no island for them to reach!*

"Poor Nelly, now! Oh, my poor Nelly!" he said, guiding her to a temporary foothold. "Stand now a minute!"

Then swiftly he freed his boots and fastened them to a branch: it being his frugal thought that he might possibly come back for them some day. Then, dismounting and thigh-deep in the water, he undid Nelly's saddle, so that she might "swim light," working with some little difficulty on the precarious resting place. The saddle, too, he fastened to the tree with the twist of a strap. His coat and leggings went also. His trousers and shirt he removed and fastened to his shoulders along with his instrument box. Then he dropped into the water beside Nelly, and, resting one hand on her shoulder, he struck out.

NEXT WEEK—

Why American Mothers Demand Repeal!

A striking indictment of the evils of prohibition and a challenge to the Anti-Saloon League

By

Mrs. Charles H. Sabin

Also stories and articles by
Edward Hope—Hamilton Williamson
Edmund Pearson—Frank E. Verney
Franklin D. Roosevelt—Jennifer Lee

ONCE clear from the darkness of the trees on the site of the middle island, he felt the current take them, savage and strong, seemingly pulling them downward. A dark alarming current which set Nelly snorting and plunging, and necessitated Old Doc patting her spray-dripping crest, and pulling her ears to get her round "cross-stream" again.

The normal world seemed incredibly remote—he felt somehow that they must struggle here forever on the wild bosom of the river, with death pulling them down and life straining them forward—against cold and fear and spray.

Nelly began to breathe loudly and to lift her front feet too high, so that she splashed—a bad sign in a swimming horse. He had to relieve the weight he was putting upon her, although his own muscles were feeling the cold and the ceaseless hard lift against the down-pulling angry water. A tree came wallowing past and its drowned skirts brushed them, and set his heart hammering by the narrowness of their escape.

The current was so much faster now that he judged they must be in midstream . . . a racing, deadly current, rushing them down, and making almost futile their efforts to move forward.

Then a driving faggot struck Old Doc a half glancing blow upon the side of his head, and he tasted blood with the next accidental mouthful of muddy water. Man and horse, they were both swimming for their lives now: desperately; breathing loudly. Neither of them could go much farther.

Nelly was swimming a little ahead of him, and from her sudden, seeming increase in strength he hoped that in some way she knew that it was not far to the bank now. . . .

Then something smooth and swiftly slipping—like a racing wall—passed before him, jarring one of his wrists and flinging him sideward. A great log driving pell-mell. He heard Nelly scream as the cruel thing struck her; then a snoofing protest as she was rolled under!

A sudden sick inertia came to the doctor. Nelly was gone. He would soon be with her under the flood.

But he kept on striking out—because, somehow, he could not stop. When you had started to cross a river you could not give up, though the flood took away your all.

At last, after he had ceased to hope for it, his feet touched land. . . .

The sunset was reddening when the girl opened her eyes. She looked at Old Doc's white head and sturdy crimson face bent toward her in grave compassion. She smiled faintly at Old Doc's hair-matted chest gaping from a borrowed shirt. Then she spoke rapturously, in the faint breath of a voice left her by pain.

"*He's* still sleeping, isn't he?"

"Don't you worry about *him*—you drink your broth!"

he said. She smiled at him from her far, shining place of motherhood.

"I was so afraid when the river came up, but I knew—somehow—you'd get here to help me. . . . I was so happy about *his* coming I knew it must be all right! He is a beautiful baby, isn't he?"

The doctor assented. And it was true. By some miracle of a great love she had risen above her frailty and her husband's unworthiness and delivered as sturdy and fine a child as he had seen.

The doctor sat resting, huge red hands on his knees. Then across the clearness of her expression he saw the shock of returning thought. "Jim?" she whispered. He regarded her, and her face grew more startled as she saw that there were tears crowding in his blue eyes.

"Why didn't Jim come last night?" she said loudly and clearly. "That is very funny! That is very funny! Why didn't Jim come?"

In a sense he thought that she might suffer less through hearing it now, in her weakness, than she would have later. She would the sooner reach the point where exhaustion dulled suffering. But as her first frenzy of grief wore itself out, she began to shake with a seeming of terror apart from grief, pressing her thin fingers over her eyes as if to shut out something. At last he got at the root of her fear.

"What will become of us?" she asked. "We owe money—I can't run the place. Oh, what will become of us? Of him and me? Oh, *I wish we had died!*"

"Hush! Hush!" he said.

"We owe money—it's not clear, the place. What can I do? What *can* I do?" she said, starting up. "I have never done anything but housework—and people don't want help with babies. . . . I will have to put him in a home! . . . Never see him!"

At that she covered her face and rocked in anguish. The doctor pulled her hands down gently.

"WHY, if that's what's ailing you," he said, "I've already made up my mind to adopt the lad. I've not much, but it'll keep you both from any want . . . and . . . and I assure you it would be a great pleasure to me."

She looked at him and began to cry again, but this time they were tears of childish relief. She was freed from the specter of want; free to grieve tender dreams and cry over old memories of young joy. Glorying over the memory of a man who did not deserve it; happily deifying a drunkard.

"He was so wonderful—so good—no one knew him as I did—I was never good enough for him. Oh, Jim! I will live for your son!"

At last she fell asleep with the tears still on her cheeks. He knew that she would be all right. She would never know that she perhaps owed Death the saving of her paradise.

Further rain was drumming loudly on the iron roof, gurgling in the spout gutters, and hurrying musically into the rain barrel. He made his way through waves of firelight to the cradle, and looked down.

There lay a baby, a new life.

If it had not been for him there would have been no baby! This, to him quite commonplace knowledge, poured into him with a revealing thrill as he carefully lifted the small, heavy, flanneled bundle into his arms so that he felt its weight against his chest. All at once he no longer felt tired. He had never brought new life into the world at quite such definite personal risk. Holding the child in his arms, he felt a sudden stirring leap of proprietorship. No child had ever needed his protection as this one did. He felt a yearning over it such as he had often seen in the ridiculous eyes of young fathers. *This was in a sense his son!*

Or, no, he could not rob dead youth of that; the poor dead waster had earned the right to that in the last mad struggle to atone for who knew what wrongs.

The doctor amended. Crimson, looking embarrassedly toward the door, he muttered:

"Hullo, grandson!"

His big hand awkwardly touched the baby's almost bald crimson head. Mentally he was fitting a tanned rabbit-skin aviator's cap upon it.

THE END

Copr. 1932, Bristol-Myers Co.

CAN'T blame her for decking out that neat little foot in a good-looking shoe! But people consider a *face* more important than a *foot!*

If she doesn't get those soft gums firm and healthy, there may come a day, and soon, when she'll be afraid to smile!

Gums need stimulation — they need work. But today's soft foods allow them to sit idle. Gradually they lose their firmness. The walls weaken. There's a trace of "pink" on your tooth brush.

And "pink tooth brush" tends to make the teeth "foggy"—ugly. It may lead to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease—even the dread pyorrhea! And it may threaten the soundness of your teeth.

Get a tube of Ipana. Clean your teeth with it, for Ipana is a splendid modern tooth paste. And each time you clean your teeth, rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. Don't rinse it off. There's ziratol in Ipana, and this splendid toning agent aids the massage in firming the gums.

Use Ipana with massage — and you won't be bothered with "pink tooth brush." Remember: A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is *never* a luxury!

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. AB-921, 73 West St., New York City, for a trial tube of Ipana. Enclose a two-cent stamp.

Acrobats and Lion Tamers

(Reading time: 20 minutes 35 seconds.)

AS I raised my eyes, from my seat in Madison Square Garden, looked up to the very rafters of the huge arena, saw Alfredo Codona posed there on his lofty perch, his hand on the bar of his trapeze, my heart caught in my throat. I knew he was going to perform—or try to perform—the most difficult feat in all aërial acrobatics: the triple somersault in mid-air.

That feat had been considered by many generations of circus folk as utterly impossible. Probably there are few aërialists who have not dreamed of doing it. Many have tried it, only to be so severely injured that they can never "fly" again. Alfredo Codona is the only man in the world who can do it. That is generally conceded.

He is poised now. His brother, on the far side of the arena, hands on his trapeze bar, is also poised, tense, ready. Alfredo's brother, Lalo, is the only man who can catch him. Both start their long swings. With beautiful grace they float up toward each other, then dip down, back and away. The spotlight gleams on their white tights. Faster and faster, higher and higher they go. This time it's coming. Alfredo hurtles through the air. He's a whirling ball of shimmering white—

It's over. His brother has caught his wrists. He whirls. Catches his own trapeze. Rises back to his own platform. Seems to poise for an instant in mid-air above it. Then drops lightly to his feet. And waves to the audience.

"But how," I asked Alfredo, "can you possibly see where your brother's hands are, when you're shooting through the air at that speed and spinning like that?"

"How can you possibly see *anything,* spinning like that?" he replied with a smile. "What could you possibly see? Our eyes are just like everybody else's. You have to feel it, sense it, know it—I can't say it, exactly. Work up there on the traps is all timing. It's all timed to the split second. Your whole mind and your whole body is keyed absolutely to it. As my brother comes toward me, he can sense it if he's a fraction of a second too fast or a fraction of a second too slow. Almost by instinct he holds himself back or lets himself out, knowing the precise instant my hands are going to smack his wrists."

Instinct so deep, so infallible that it is almost second nature; timing so delicate and accurate that a fraction of a second may mean the difference between life and death—that is what these bright acts that entertain us in the circus depend on. It is true of the bareback riders, of the tight-wire walkers, of the wild-animal trainers, of the tumblers, as well as of the aërial artists.

Americus Yacopi is one of the most expert tumblers in the world. One night, while the big circus was playing in New York, that enormously sensitive timepiece that is somewhere inside him must have been a trifle fast—per-

Alfredo Codona in his famed triple somersault, which no other man can do. On the trapeze is his brother Lalo, the one man who can catch him.

At right: the brothers Codona and Vera Bruce execute the "passing leap." Again Lalo Codona, on the trapeze at the left, is the catcher.

UNDER THE BIG TOP

An Insight into the RECKLESS LIVES *of the Daring Performers Who Make the Circus the Greatest Show on Earth*

By LOWELL THOMAS

H. A. Atwill Studio photo

Ladies and gentlemen, Con Colleano—caught by a lightning-fast camera shutter as he starts his forward somersault on the tight wire. An error of a fraction of an inch might well cost him his life.

haps a hundredth of a second fast. Yacopi does what no one else tries: a quadruple somersault from a teeter board. In this picturesque act a teeter board is balanced on a triangular support about two and a half feet high. Yacopi stands on one end. His partner leaps from a platform, strikes the other end. Down goes that end, up goes Yacopi. Up and back. And as he goes he turns over backward in mid-air *four times*, and lands sitting in a chair held on the shoulders of his other partner.

Clyde Beatty is flourishing his whip all in clean fun, and Nero is just pretending to rage at him. Yet how easily such make-believe can turn deadly earnest, especially in a cage of "mixed" animals!

Yes, believe it or not, he does it every time he tries—almost. On this night when his timing was an infinitesimal fraction too fast, he turned four and a half times instead of four. He struck the edge of the chair with his nose. It broke his nose; but he taped it up and went on with the show. Another hundredth of a second and he would have struck the chair with the back of his neck.

SO implicitly does Alfredo Codona trust his sense of timing that he once said he could do his triple somersault from the high trapeze blindfolded. They told him it was impossible. He blindfolded himself and tied a gunny sack over his head.

"I did it," he says, "but I couldn't do it every time. No man could. And if my brother should miss me I couldn't guide my fall to the net. I might miss it altogether—and that would probably break my neck."

"Guide your fall?" I repeated. "You mean to say you can guide yourself while you're falling through the air?"

"That's the first thing you learn in our business, that, and keeping your head while you're falling.

"The very first night we opened in New York we miscalculated on the triple by a hair's breadth. Lalo caught me, but only by the fingers. He couldn't hold me. You've seen our act. You know how fast I'm going through the air.

"He didn't even slow me up. I shot straight past him. We have an elevated apron at each end of our net, you know, to protect us from just such accidents. I saw I was going to shoot clean over the top of it. Probably on into the audience. I was flying through the air almost horizontal. But I relaxed, brought my knees forward, threw back my head, and did a back somersault.

"I landed on my hands and knees. My hands were not

more than six inches from the top strand of the net.

"When you've been in the business all your life, those things come to you in a flash. You do them without thinking. There's no time to think. But if it's not just bred into your bones and blood and brain—those flashes don't come."

But even such flashes do not always save you. It was in Buenos Aires that the doctors told Codona he would never "fly" again. His brother had thrown him back to his own trapeze. In catching it he had about as trivial an accident as a man can have. His funny bone struck the bar.

He got back to his platform, but that right arm was dead. He could not control himself. He shot straight on. He turned in the air and struck the front of the second balcony with the small of his back. Even then he didn't lose his head. He tried to grab the balcony, but missed it. The orchestra chairs were twenty-five feet below. As he felt himself going he leaned forward, so he would land on his hands and feet. He crashed down on the edge of the seats, his whole weight falling on his knees.

They told him he would never walk again, let alone fly. They said he'd spend the rest of his life in a wheel chair. But after eight weeks of a special treatment—binding a rubber band tightly around his thighs and then releasing it suddenly to force the blood down into the pitiably withered legs—he could walk a little. He gradually got so he could climb the ladder. He still does the triple forward.

Codona was the husband of the brave, petite queen of the air, Lillian Leitzel, whose tragic death in Copenhagen last year saddened millions in three continents. Millions remember the picture of that trim little figure hanging by one arm high above the arena, with no net to break her fall, the light gleaming on her, the trap drums rolling ominously on and on and on, as again and again and again she pulled her body up and over, up and over, up and over her own shoulder. She was indeed the Queen of the Circus. It was on Friday the 13th, in February of last year, that she came crashing down into the sawdust ring which had been her kingdom.

"It wasn't her fault," her former associates say simply. "Her trapeze rigging gave way."

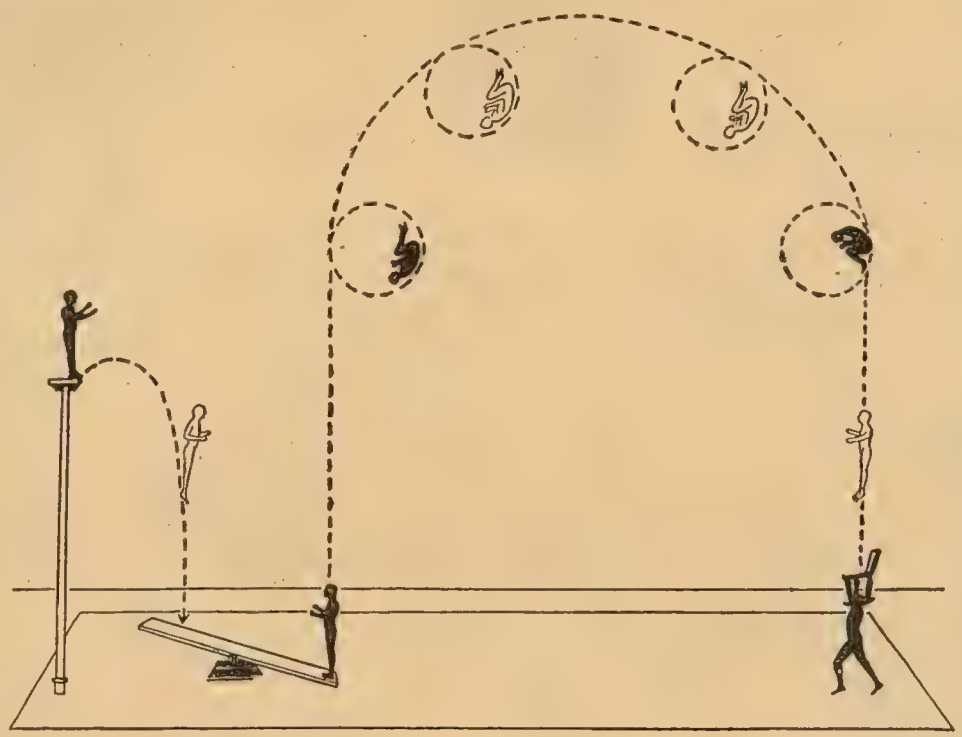
AND that is the real fear that lurks in the heart of every aërial gymnast—the ever-present danger that some little flaw in the materials, some little maladjustment of the rigging, a sudden jolt on the guy wires, will shatter that exceedingly delicate balance of rhythm and cause an accident impossible to foresee.

Ira Millette, another of the soaring birds of the Big Top, told me how his wife, Ruth, narrowly missed death because their trapeze had not been properly rigged. One of the spectacular moments of their breath-taking act is where she flies through the air, turns, and lands on his shoulders on her feet as he shoots toward her on a single trapeze. Something slipped at just the wrong instant. She missed his shoulders and hurtled toward the sawdust below. There was no net there. Ruth was used to working with a net. She said afterward she felt no fear. As she shot down she turned calmly and landed on the back of her shoulders and rolled over, as she would have done in a net.

She was knocked unconscious, but the only injury she suffered was a great bruise on her arm. They think she must have got that when she instinctively raised her arm, as she struck the ground, to protect her face.

And there were the famous Cromwells, husband and wife. Without warning their whole apparatus collapsed. Cromwell was so severely injured that he has been practically a cripple ever since. She was more fortunate. Miraculously so. As she fell she landed, with her full weight, on a wire. The wire caught her just under the chin, sagged down, then flipped her up and over. She fell to the ground. The wire made a ghastly cut in her chin, but that healed, and otherwise she was unhurt.

Do those innumerable uncontrollables which literally menace the life of these blithe performers every moment they are doing their pretty tricks for us help to create that curious atmosphere of tenseness that we feel under the Big Top? Are those uncontrollables subconsciously sensed by the spectators? Do they sense that the danger is real, not make-believe?



If you had never seen Americus Yacopi, you could scarcely believe that this great stunt of his could be done. His partner (left) jumps down to the end of the teeter board, flipping him into the air; he turns four back somersaults and lands in the chair on his other partner's shoulders!

IT'S real enough. What narrowly missed being an awful tragedy occurred in the circus only recently. Bombayo, the aristocratic little Hindu who dips, rises, flips, and sinks on the red-plush slack rope, was preparing to make his impressive entrance. Camestrelli, his assistant entered, as usual, with his twenty-four-foot python. He holds the great snake above his head, his right hand just behind the throat, his left about four feet away. The remaining twenty feet or so of the huge reptile drags inertly through the sawdust. Children whisper, "Aw, it's not alive!"

This time, as Camestrelli eased his hands along the slippery body, the snake suddenly jerked its head back. The danger sign. In a flash the powerful jaws closed on Camestrelli's arm just below the shoulder. Camestrelli is not afraid of his python. He beat him; he screamed at him in Hindu. But the cruel fangs only sank deeper into the flesh. The python had forgotten all he had ever been taught. He had reverted to his savage state. Why? Who knows!

Attendants and other performers rushed to Camestrelli's aid. Only with big pliers and crowbars could they pry the snake's jaws apart and free the mangled arm. Pythons are not poisonous. There was no danger of that. But there was grave danger of infection. Camestrelli was rushed to the hospital. The wound was painful, but the bone was not crushed. Fortunately, that time. Camestrelli "worked" next day with his right arm tightly bandaged.

Con Colleano, a handsome dark-haired youth of Spanish blood, is another who performs a feat where factors he cannot control may be disastrous. His is also another of those feats so difficult that they can scarcely be appreciated by anyone outside the profession. This is the forward somersault, from feet to feet, on the tight wire. Colleano is the only one in the world who has perfected it sufficiently to make it a regular part of his act.

A backward somersault on a quivering, springy, tightly strung wire is difficult enough; but it's simple compared with Colleano's feat. Going backward, as you go over you can see the wire, see where your feet are going to alight. Going forward you cannot see. You must throw yourself forward, up and over, right yourself, come down standing up on the wire, with nothing but instinct to guide you. A miscalculation of a fraction of an inch, to right or left, means an accident, and frequently a dread-

ful one. Few wire walkers will even try it.

Colleano's first appearance in this country was at the Hippodrome. He was a little nervous over his important début, and the lights, which are a vital consideration, were strange to him. He walked out on the wire, poised himself for his spring, went up, over, came down. His feet missed the wire. With the full impetus of his somersault he struck the wire, which cut his chest like a saber. True to his traditions, he kept his head, steadied himself a little by catching the wire with his hand as he fell to the stage. His wire is only seven feet high.

True to his traditions again, he leaped back up and tried it again. Again he missed. Nobody realized that he had been hurt. They thought it was part of the act. But as he started out for the third try the blood began to stain his tights. They shouted at him to stop. But he tried again. Once more he missed. This time the frantic stage manager rang the curtain down. With tears streaming down his face, Colleano begged them to raise the curtain. He could do it, he cried, if they would put out the footlights. They got in his eyes. That was the trouble.

THEY let him try again. This time he did it. The walls of the old Hippodrome nearly burst with the applause.

"I shouldn't have tried it after that first fall," Colleano told me the other day. "But I was half out. I didn't quite know what I was doing.

"I always try to camouflage the real danger of my tricks," he told me, and I know he is absolutely sincere in this. "I'd rather have people at ease and enjoying themselves than scared—glad when it's over. I'd rather have less applause and more respect.

"That's why a spill I had in South Africa was the one that I most hate the thought of. It looked as though I was playing to the grand stand for sympathy, but I wasn't. At that time I wound up my act with a trick I don't do any more. It's almost as difficult as the forward. I used to turn and face the audience, balancing on the wire with my feet pretty well apart. That's much harder than when you're facing one end of the wire and can balance yourself with your hands. Then I leaned down slowly, keeping my balance, and took hold of the wire between my feet. Then I whirled over backward, swung under the wire, shot forward and up, and came down on my feet. I'd rather do the forward somersault any time.

"This time, without thinking, just before I started I smoothed down my hair with my hands. I had oil on it. And I forgot to wipe off the oil. When I whirled under and started forward and up, the wire shot straight out of my hands. I came down with a crash almost on the footlights. That was the trouble. I was four feet or so in front of the curtain—in full view of the audience. They came out from

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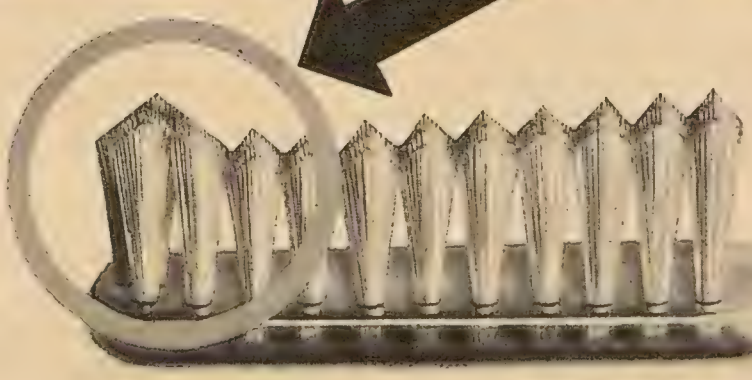

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the wings to carry me off. But I wouldn't let them touch me. I was pretty sure my back was broken. I knew, if it was, the last chance I'd have would go if they grabbed me and mauled me around. So I had to lie there, ten minutes or more, while they eased some flat boards under me, making a sort of stretcher.

"My back wasn't broken. I'd only ruptured some of my back muscles. And I was working again after six weeks. But I hated it. It looked as though I'd been playing to the gallery—a thing I always hate to see."

The intense nervous concentration required in Colleano's feats is terrific. And it takes its toll even if you have been doing it, as he has, since you were first able to walk. His is a circus family. There are ten children, every one of whom has his or her own spectacular specialty. His sister Winnifred, for instance, is one of the finest of aërialists. When I saw Colleano last he had been ordered to take a complete rest for several months.

"That's happened to me twice before," he said. "I always know when it's coming on. It's when I have to fight a funny little thought that keeps forcing its way into my mind. When I'm out there on the wire I'm likely to keep saying to myself, 'How foolish! What a sap you are! Out here on a wire, walking back and forth, not getting any place—and a lot of people looking at you!' I know when that starts I've got to watch myself every second. My mind will get to wandering. Or I'll begin to imagine what may happen. And the next thing my nerves get away from me.

"That may have been responsible for my last accident. It was in Paris, at the Cirque Moderne, where I've just come from. There was a pantomime with a rain scene in the show. And one of the pipes was leaking. I didn't know that it was dripping down on my wire. I did the trick, but when my feet hit the wire they shot straight up. My wire is like a fast steel spring. I shot up in the air, but caught the wire coming down. It wrenched my shoulder pretty badly. Those things do wear on the nerves."

And here is Con Colleano at the start of a hazardous swing around the wire. This is the stunt that nearly broke his back in South Africa.

In many of the acts on and above the sawdust ring we cannot realize that the performers are literally defying death, so skillfully and smoothly do they go through their routine. But no one who watches Clyde Beatty in his circular cage with his thirty or forty roaring lions and tigers has any doubt that only luck and courage, alertness and skill separate him from eternity. I have known and liked Beatty for several years. He is a charming, smiling, boyish fellow in his late twenties. I don't like it when others in the profession say that it's only a matter of time when one of the big "cats" will get him.

But that is what they say. And it's hard to question it.

AS the huge beasts roar and lunge and spring and bare their fangs on every side of him he fires his pistol, cracks his long whip, prods them, yells at them, to stir their frenzy—or what seems to be frenzy—to even higher pitch. The fact that he has trained many of them to roar and lash their tails and pretend to be in paroxysms of rage is slender assurance that, at any moment, one or more of the animals will not revert to natural jungle instinct.

But even Clyde Beatty's act, bloodcurdling as it is, is actually much more dangerous than it looks. That is because his animals are a mixed group. He has both lions and tigers, both males and females. Like cats and dogs, lions and tigers are natural enemies. Their first instinct, when they see each other, is to fight. And the females are likely to fight among themselves, and the males are likely to fight over the females.

"Sometimes I think it's pretty foolish to take such chances," Beatty told me. "I could get in a cage with seventy or eighty lions and not be in a tenth of the danger I am now. And it would, I suppose, look even more spectacular.

"It would have spoiled one of the prettiest things that ever happened to me, though," he continued; "the time Nero, my favorite lion, saved my life.

"One of the tigers had lost her head over something and she had me down. That time I was absolutely helpless. There were thirty-two other animals in the cage. I didn't know what minute they'd all make a dive for me. Then I saw Nero, my pet—the one I trusted most of all—leap from his pedestal. I thought he was coming straight for me. But no, sir. He buried his fangs in the tiger and dragged her off me. That was the one thing in the world that could possibly have saved my life.

"And I'd like to make it a really good story and say that Nero saved me because he loved me so much. But that isn't true. He did it because he hated the tiger so much. That was one time when having mixed animals was a mighty lucky thing."

AND yet it was the faithful Nero himself who gave Beatty his most recent wound. I saw the scar on his thigh. It must have been fully ten inches long. Nero, in this case, attacked his master and friend ferociously, but with no particular malice toward him. Beatty was snapping his whip and putting one of the lionesses through her paces. Nero suddenly decided he resented this, and tore into Beatty. He shook him and dragged him a little way. That was all. But Beatty's temperature rose to 106 in three hours. He was in the hospital many weeks. It did not change Nero's affection—and Beatty still trusts him.

"That's the secret of handling them," Beatty explains. "You've got to let them know two things: that you're not going to hurt them, and that you're not afraid of them. Once one of them gets the idea that you're afraid of her, the stuff's off. You can't work her any more.

"That's why I am not sure that I'll ever be able to put my black leopard in my act. Right from the very beginning he was a tough, mean baby. Nothing I could do seemed to break down his hatred of me."

"But what *did* you do, or try?" I asked.

"You go to the cage every day. Let them get to know you. Talk to them. Feed them. Anything to convince them that you're not there to hurt them. Then, when you start to 'break them for the seat,' as we say, you use a big leather collar with a chain on it and a rope attached to the chain. So when they jump at you they can't quite reach you. The rope is ten or twelve feet long.

"I thought I had my black leopard ready, finally. And tried him out in Detroit. I had bears, hyenas, and lions in the cage that time. But I was wrong about Jiggs—that's his name. On almost the first trick he jumped for me, and had me down about five feet from the edge of the cage. But, thank heaven, he'd learned one thing. He knew his name. One of the attendants, outside, on the opposite side of the cage, yelled, '*Jiggs!*' He wheeled in a flash.

"That gave me my chance. I sprang up. I held my chair in front of me—that's one of the best weapons to keep them off, an ordinary chair—to break his leap that I knew was coming. I held the chair level with my chest,

knowing that they almost always leap for your throat. But Jiggs didn't. Straight under the chair he went, and had me by the legs. I had half got away. And now I beat him again and again over the head with my whip. That confused him just long enough. He backed off.

"I knew I should stay right there and subdue him before leaving the cage. I took a step toward him. I realized that my leg was badly torn. It almost gave way under me. I couldn't risk it. I had to turn and dive through the safety gate. I just barely had time to do that.

"But Jiggs thinks he licked me, I'm afraid."

What a defenseless position for a man to place himself in! His only protection a kitchen chair, or a whip, or a stick. True, he carries a gun, and the attendants on the outside carry guns. But they are loaded only with blanks. Only the most expert marksmen would have any chance of killing one of these great beasts with a bullet. And there's the danger of the bullets flying up among the spectators.

"I've never been really scared fighting one of these cats single-handed," said Beatty. "I'm too busy thinking of what to do next. But there was a time when I was really scared. And that time I wasn't hurt at all. There were thirty-two in the cage then, lions and tigers. A fight started. In a second that cage was a roaring, writhing mass of animals. Out of thirty-two, twenty-nine were on the ground, clawing and tearing at each other with their fangs.

"I was on the opposite side of the cage from the safety gate. They'd forgotten I was there for the moment. But I didn't know what instant one of them would see me and make a lunge for me.

"That might have brought the whole gang of them on me. I'd have been mincemeat, I suppose.

"I kept my back pressed against the bars of the cage, and edged my way, inch by inch, around toward the safety gate. I kept firing my gun and yelling, fighting them away with the butt of my whip.

"At last I got to the safety gate. But there on each side of it was a lion. There wasn't five feet between them. And I don't know yet how I got through the door. Yep! That time I was scared. I admit it."

Well, there was another time when Clyde Beatty was scared. That was when I asked him to make a little talk on my radio program. He made the talk, and a fine one it was; but his hands were shaking, beads of perspiration stood out on his brow.

Only once have the big, roaring cats of the arena frightened him—but the mike gave him the jitters.

Another article in this series on Reckless Lives by Mr. Thomas will appear in an early issue.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—When was Washington selected as the Federal capital?

2—In what year were the silver dime and quarter dollar authorized as currency?

3—What is the British thermal unit?

4—Of what famous Revolutionary general was General Robert E. Lee the son?

5—What famous statesman had the nickname "Dizzy"?

6—What state of the Union does not allow divorce under any circumstances?

7—What is another name for the century plant?

8—What is the largest island in the world?

9—What plant generates gas?

10—What dramatic character says: "To be, or not to be: that is the question"?

11—Where is what is generally credited with being the oldest house in the United States?

12—Who was the first woman to serve in the U. S. Senate?

13—Who said "Life is real! Life is earnest!"?

14—Who wrote Annie Laurie?

15—Where was the first petroleum well drilled in the U. S.?

16—Which state extends farthest north?

17—What is a luffa?

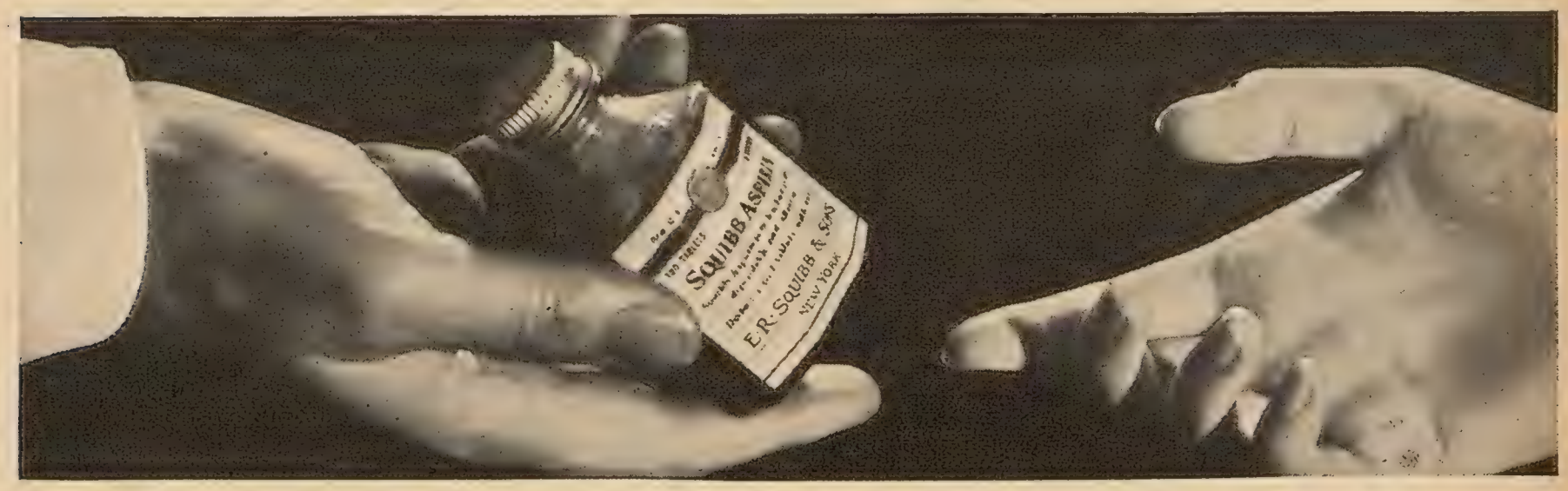
18—What two bodies of water are connected by the Welland Canal?

19—Who wrote Ben-Hur?

20—What is the common name for digitalis?

(Answers will be found on page 35)

What is acid acetylsalicylic?
(*see page 35 for the answer*)



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The Price o

(Reading time: 8 minutes 45 seconds.)

WILKENSON slapped shut his book and dropped it noisily on the plank floor. He sat up on the edge of his cot and with two enormous sunburned hands round his throat began painfully bending and rotating his head. He had been reading by the light of an oil lantern, and, as all tropical colonials know, an oil lantern sheds its feeble rays exactly nowhere. Nowhere comfortably, at least.

"The perfect crime!" I heard him mutter. "Phooey!"

"No good?"

My host glowered across the bare room. The night, as most West African nights are, was breathlessly hot and his heavy, intelligent face gleamed with fine beads of sweat. He rescued the book from the floor and more respectfully put it on the chair beside the lantern.

"Oh, soso," he admitted. He waggled his head again cautiously. "Good enough to give me an awful crick in the neck. Trouble is, though, all these detective-story fellows are civilized. Not only that, but their criminals are civilized. And crime isn't."

Creakingly I rose from my cot and wandered barefoot out on to the veranda for a cigarette. In a moment Wilkenson joined me, took a light from my match, and we both sprawled in battered wicker armchairs. A brilliant equatorial moon sprayed through the leaves of a mango tree. Konakri was so quiet we could hear the faint rasp of the sea on the breakwater half a mile away.

Pauses in a conversation in West Africa aren't rude. When it's ninety-five degrees at midnight haste is indecent.

"Do you see what I mean?" Wilkenson demanded.

"No."

With a sigh at my denseness, Wilkenson elaborated. "Point's this. Crime, violent crime, anyway, murder and so on, is savage, primitive. So it's practically impossible for a civilized being to do a faultless job at it. He can't quite make the grade. The downgrade. Yet in the books they're always talking about 'the perfect crime.' I claim that on the topside of the world such a thing's impossible. You've got to come to a place like this, down around the sweaty waistline of the earth, to find a flawless murder."

"*Konakri?*" I demanded.

"Sure. Why not?"

"You mean Konakri's barbaric? That with a hotel, tennis courts, cement sidewalks—"

"—perfect sewage disposal, even electric lights when the plant happens to be running," Wilkenson elaborated mockingly, "that the seaport, capital, and chief town of French Guinea is barbaric? You bet your life I say so! Those things are outsides. Window dressing. I tell you, below that neat exterior there are undertones of mind and habit as savage, as primeval, as any conclave of the Leopard Men under that same moon five hundred years ago. Black men live in Konakri. Blacks of a dozen tribes who were born in secret towns back in those jungles there. And black men don't change. Not on this old coast. I've had sixteen years of it and I know."

He reached out one hand in the darkness and with unerring aim found a bottle and sloshed its contents expertly into two glasses. "Now, this story I was telling you—"

"What story?"

"Well, if I wasn't, I'm going to now. Here, gag yourself with this." The side of a glass touched my hand.

Wilkenson leaned back comfortably.

"I was saying you had to come to a place like this to find the perfect crime. Now, what would you say was the essence of a perfect crime? A murder, I mean."

"Getting rid of the body?"

Wilkenson grunted disappointedly. "You're bright fo author. You kind of gum my rhetorical method, though. exactly that. I've only heard of one really successful disp of a body. That was right here, matter of three-four ye ago. This case, what's more, is literally and precisely t Not just a yarn. If you want to, you can find it on the rec in black and white.

"Anyhow, there were two pretty important citizens in t at that time. One was a Fulah tribesman who'd come do from way upcountry. Moulay Ahmed, he called himself, a he was a trader and produce merchant. No one knew m either about him or his business. He was a tall, thin-lip handsome black; he lived in a European-style house out on Timbuktu road; and he was rich. Much, much richer than little tin factory seemed to warrant. There was some v talk about him, but nothing definite. The other important zen was the chief of police, a hawk-faced, black-eyed y Frenchman just out from Paris, and so keen on his job, quiet, persistent sort of way, it gave some of us elder loa a backache just to look at him. Lemoine, his name wa René Lemoine.

"One of the first blacks Lemoine went gunning for Moulay Ahmed. Fellows at the Cercle des Sports—club by the sea wall, you know, where we whites devote ourselv the sports of elbow-bending and spine-curving—hinted Lemoine had turned up evidence that Moulay was buying ill gold from the workers in the Futa Jallon mines, that he doing a spot of cocaine running, that, in fact, he was a pr general all-round crook.

"Moulay Ahmed evidently found out that Lemoine was b ing up a case against him which, once revealed, would certai ruin him, probably hang him. What was greatly to the p he also learned that Lemoine's method was to work out a alone. That is, unlike some cops, Lemoine didn't set dow

Lemoine

By JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

Picture by CHARLES DEFEO

tives are as ed as cats. the chief of sleep."

et his information bit by bit. Until all evidence was com-e, he kept it under his hat. So it was Moulay's life or oine's. Lemoine once dead, Moulay was safe.

Moulay knew the native quarter. It has a shifting popula- and he learned of two men who'd just wandered in from ush, men without friends, scruples, or a trace of civiliza- nder their black hides. Bubu and Alomi, they were called. oulay got hold of them and promised them one thousand cs each if they'd kill the chief of police for him. One thou- l francs is a fortune for a bushman, and Moulay said he'd them upcountry again as soon as the job was done. He ed time and place for it. Lemoine lived alone in a small e at the other end of town, just across the road from the avine, isolated and all too accessible.

HEY murdered Lemoine that same night. Then they came back to Moulay and told him all about it. From r description it appeared that Bubu had done most of the work while Alomi had merely acted as a guard. I guess for oment Moulay forgot how thin, how impalpably, delicately the crust of civilization is. Figuring they couldn't very protest, Moulay gave Bubu his full one thousand francs obbed Alomi off with two hundred. Which made Alomi , very sore indeed."

Wilkenson lit a second cigarette, puffed to get it going, and med. "Know what he did? Remember, new to a town, out of primeval rain forest. You'd never guess in a mil- ears. He sued!

He grumbled around a bit and someone must have told him t the nice paternal French government and how it guaran- justice to the black. Well, I'll be double-triple damned if ne morning Alomi, dragging Bubu with him, didn't show up before Judge Roux at the native tribunal to demand that the court award him his eight hundred francs! Just exactly that. They ranked Moulay as a sort of chief, I think. And, where they came from, a killing ordered by a chief wasn't much of a crime. The tribunal's informal, you know. You just crowd in, wait your turn, and then step up and explain your troubles. Roux is a fat, bald-headed little chap who sweats more gallons to the mile than anyone I've ever known. When Alomi, through an interpreter, began to speak his piece, Roux nearly fell off the bench. But, believe you me, he listened!

"YOU see, Alomi's point was that he'd done just as much murdering as his pal, and so was entitled to full compensation from Moulay; that without his activities as lookout the job couldn't have been done.

"You can picture it: A pair of half-naked savages jabbering away thirteen to the dozen, the courtroom dead, dazed quiet, Roux leaning forward, his eyes nearly falling out of his head.

"Pretty soon Alomi wound up, and the judge began to speak. Remember, this was a civil case he was trying. He kept his head remarkably well.

"'Look here,' he said. 'Accepting your story that you did what you say. We know, of course, that on the night you specify, M. Lemoine did, in fact, disappear. We know also that blood was found near his bed. But since that time, despite all our efforts, *we have found no trace of him.* Now, since you claim remuneration for your part in a murder, you *must first prove that a murder has been committed.* And, remember, under the French law, a body must be produced in order to prove that a murder has been done. If there is no body, under the law there is no crime!'

"With some difficulty the interpreter got this across. He was an educated Negro and he was even more goggle-eyed than Judge Roux. Roux whispered to his clerk, and a policeman slipped out to find Moulay Ahmed.

"Alomi looked a little puzzled. Then he explained. About midnight they had gone to Lemoine's house and crept upstairs. Bush natives are as soft-footed as cats. They'd found the chief of police asleep, and while Alomi stayed by the door as lookout, Bubu had smashed the sharp edge of his machete across the Frenchman's throat. Then they'd bundled him up in a sheet and carried him out of the house.

"'We take him,' Alomi said, 'across road to deep ravine. Everything quiet and we think no one see us. But when we go to throw him down ravine, black man he come by and he see us. We not know that black man. He say, "What you got there?" We say we got white man. Then black man say, "What you do with that good meat?" We say we throw him for ravine. He say, "Do not waste that good meat. You give that meat to me." So we give that meat to him and he go. We not know that black man. But we think he come from high bush.'"

Wilkenson got slowly to his feet. "Do you see? It was the perfect crime. The body had vanished. So there was and could be no case. No *corpus delicti,* no murder. They were free."

"I see," I said slowly. "But what happened to them?"

Wilkenson grunted. "You can find that on the records too. They were killed in an accident. Some policemen shot them."

THE END

One of the interested spectators grabs a grand-stand seat during the filming of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson's Congorilla, their masterpiece of animal life in Africa.

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell reappear as co-stars in The First Year, wherein a dumb small-town boy turns a trick a financier would envy.

BACK To OLD

Screen Returning to Unsophisticated Dram... Arliss Picture, a Frank Craven Pl...

By FREDERIC...

(Reading time: 6 minutes 15 seconds.)

NO less an authority than Mary Pickford predicts a return to simple, sweet, unsophisticated drama on the screen.

Other stars seem to think the same thing. Norma Shearer, so long a personification of décolletée, cigarette-smoking, devil-may-care heroines, is making Smilin' Through, as romantic a drama as was ever written.

A new version of Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm is here. On the horizon are Secrets, Fury, and Tess of the Storm Country.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ CONGORILLA

Produced by Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson.
Released by Fox.

This is easily the best of the various Martin Johnson pictures. The Johnsons—Martin and Osa—have made frequent cinematic trips into Africa. This time they take their equipment—sound-recording apparatus and all—into the Congo. Here, by the way, Congorilla tops other travel films. The sounds are authentic, recorded on the spot, not synchronized in a laboratory.

The Johnsons have many exciting adventures with hippos, elephants, crocodiles, and tigers in the jungle, and as many interesting experiences with Pygmies. One of the big laughs comes when two Pygmies tackle a couple of gift cigars.

★ ★ ★ A SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY

CAST

Henry Wilton	George Arliss
Emmie	Mary Astor
Peggy	Evalyn Knapp
Connors	Grant Mitchell
Partington	David Torrence
Eddie	William Janney
George	Hardie Albright
Belden	Hale Hamilton
Pietro	Fortunio Bonanova
Larry	Randolph Scott
Mary	Nola Luxford
Curtis	Murray Kinnell
Lawrence	Richard Tucker

Directed by John Adolfi.
Produced by Warner Bros.

Once again Mr. Arliss plays an American Crœsus who finds that his family has grown away from him. How to regain them is his problem.

So Millionaire Wilton feigns a gigantic failure, and the family, confronted with poverty, is drawn together once more. A whisper of Wilton's happy fib slips out, however, and his financial enemies try to make the most of his misfortune. Result: A great killing for Wilton on the Street.

Mr. Arliss plays with all his curious combination of brittle incisiveness and glowing warmth. He is, as always, poised and intelligent.

★ ★ ★ THE FIRST YEAR

CAST

Grace Livingston	Janet Gaynor
Tommy Tucker	Charles Farrell
Mrs. Barstow	Minna Gombell
Dick Loring	George Meeker
Dr. Myron	Dudley Digges
Mr. Livingston	Robert McWade
Mrs. Livingston	Maude Eburne
Mr. Barstow	Henry Kolker
Hattie	Leila Bennett
Helen	Elda Vokel

Directed by William K. Howard.
Produced by Fox.

This is an interesting example of the success-without-labor drama so

Mary Astor and Evalyn Knapp provide a pretty background for some superb acting by George Arliss in A Successful Calamity.

Richard Dix evidently shares the general verdict that Gwili (pronounced Jee-lee) Andre is not so hard to look at. They are seen in the picture, Roar of the Dragon.

The GOOD DAYS

The Johnsons' New Animal Film, Another and Richard Dix in a Melodrama

JAMES SMITH

popular at the crest of those glamorous days ending in October, 1929. Frank Craven, the actor-playwright, has here turned out a highly popular Broadway play on this formula: Tommy Tucker, a dumb small-town boy, is goaded by his bride into trying his business acumen in Joplin, Missouri. He buys up concessions on land about to be needed by a railroad, and makes $100,000 overnight.

This is no nearer to life than those snobbish wax ladies who wear the ultra frocks in the department-store windows. However, Mr. Craven invests his characters with dialogue possessing enough witty observation to make The First Year both amusing and diverting. Charles Farrell, for once, shades his screen partner, Janet Gaynor. They play the Tuckers. The honors of The First Year really go to Leila Bennett, who depicts a slow-witted Negro servant girl.

★ ROAR OF THE DRAGON

CAST

Carson ..... Richard Dix
Natascha ..... Gwili Andre
Busby ..... Edward Everett Horton
Helen ..... Arline Judge
Gabby Tourist ..... Zasu Pitts
Johnson ..... Dudley Digges
Kiang ..... C. Henry Gordon
Sholem ..... Arthur Stone
Dr. Prausnitz ..... William Orlamond

Directed by Wesley Ruggles.
Produced by RKO-Radio.

Second-rate melodrama, largely concerning itself with an attempt to promote a new film discovery, Gwili (pronounced Jee-lee) Andre into a Marlene Dietrich.

Richard Dix plays the redoubtable captain of a river steamer who leads the defense of the whites in a Manchurian town. The place is surrounded by Tartar bandits. One of the besieged is a beautiful and exotic Russian, suspected of being the paramour of the bandit leader. Captain Carson (alias Dix) spurns her accordingly, but of course he comes to love her in spite of himself.

There has been an obvious attempt to catch the spirit of Shanghai Express.

Dix is workmanlike, as usual; Miss Andre is lovely to look at, bad of voice, indifferent of acting.

Do you know that—

Charlie Ray will attempt a comeback in an independently made film, The Girl from Calgary, starring Fifi Dorsay?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Grand Hotel, Congress Dances, One Hour with You, Shanghai Express.

★★★—What Price Hollywood, Strange Interlude, American Madness, Red-Headed Woman, Bring 'Em Back Alive, Winner Take All, The Dark Horse, As You Desire Me, State's Attorney, Letty Lynton, Scarface, The Mouthpiece, The Wet Parade, But the Flesh Is Weak, Are You Listening? So Big, The Crowd Roars, The Beast of the City, It's Tough to Be Famous, Tarzan, Lost Squadron, Polly of the Circus, A Waltz by Strauss, Road to Life, The Man Who Played God, Tomorrow and Tomorrow, Arsène Lupin.

THERE were, of course, such things as roving bright eyes, to which we were just men. An American dropping into a Rathskeller would get many chances for a flirtation.

SHOOT and Be DAMNED!

By SERGEANT ED HALYBURTON, D.S.M.

As told to RALPH GOLL

(Reading time: 30 minutes 40 seconds.)

SERGEANT HALYBURTON'S story is an authentic war document. The names of all persons, except obviously true names and that of Halyburton himself, have been changed. With these exceptions all characters in the story have been given fictitious names.

PART TEN—CONCLUSION

WE arrived at Rastatt late at night, but old von Bunkshooter was waiting up for us at camp headquarters.

"*Mein Gott! Mein Gott!*" he exclaimed. "The camp is yours! Take charge of your wild men!"

Dumfounded, we went on to our old inclosure. As we put foot inside the gate we were seized by a crowd of the boys, who carried us from one casern to another in triumphal frenzy.

After the celebration we were able to piece out much of the story behind the strange telegrams. Upton and the other leaders, keeping our organization intact, had gone directly to the *Kommandeur* the morning of our "kidnaping." He had told them that the War Ministry was to blame and had promised to do what he could to save us.

However, it appeared to the prisoners that he was passing the buck. They were prepared to demolish the camp—when Merkel, the Y secretary, appeared and advised against an open revolt.

Proving himself a real friend in time of need, this welfare worker dashed back to Berlin. At first the officials

Picture by
WILL GRAVEN

In the Path of Revolution—The Legion of the Forgotten Makes Ready to March to the Rhine—The Welcome Home—A Medal, and a Letter from Pershing

of the War Ministry refused to listen to him. New efforts were made to propagandize the camp. But he finally got a hearing and convinced the propagandists that they had antagonized every American prisoner in Germany by spiriting us away from Rastatt.

Just at the right moment for us panic hit the War Ministry as well as the rest of the German government. The war was lost. The Chancellery was negotiating with President Wilson for peace terms. Merkel carried his point that it was a poor time to shoot Americans. Thereupon the wire returning us to Rastatt was dispatched.

Following months of constant nervous tension, the strain imposed on us at Heuberg had all but broken Geoghegan and myself. Satisfied that the block and company commanders could carry on the routine work of the camp without more than general instructions, we moved our office from Block 2 to an inclosure that had just been opened near the *Kommandeur's* headquarters. It was filled with new men in whose company we found some relief from our fearful memories.

THE commandant and the members of his staff were wearing the look of complete despair. Strangely enough, they came to me for sympathy. Old von Bunkshooter, whom I had never believed sincere, wept when he talked with me the day after my return.

"My country," he choked—"my country is ruined!"

I suppose I should have laughed loud and long; but, for some reason, the sight of the aged general's tears made me feel anything but happy.

Two days later we were celebrating the Armistice. In the midst of our revelry a detachment of German soldiers returning from the front entered the camp. Ragged, hungry, and embittered, they formed the vanguard of an army of revolutionists bent on destroying the old order of things.

I expected them to start a battle, but they ignored us.

In turn, we steered clear of them. I had previously posted an order that no one was to rag the Germans, for a single insulting word hurled at our armed enemies under such conditions might have provoked a massacre.

The revolutionists seized and disarmed all the officers and noncoms in the camp, tearing the insignia of rank off their uniforms. Old von Bunkshooter cried like a child when they cut off his yards of gold braid and took his sword and double handful of medals.

The leaders of the insurgents ordered the camp personnel to remain on duty; but the next day the war-weary guards deserted *en masse,* telling us to go to France or to hell—it was none of their business what we did. The ex-general and his aids disappeared. We were alone and unarmed in one of the main paths of the retreating German army. Worse still, our men threw discipline to the winds. Of all the situations we had faced in Germany, this one was by far the most dangerous. Our entire organization sprang into action and Charley and I were again in the thick of things, scheming, working, and fighting twenty hours a day.

Seeing what a general break impended, we established our own guards at the gates. Their orders were to beat back anyone who attempted to leave without a pass. I assumed full responsibility for their actions.

I believed the men should be given some freedom, but foresaw disaster if they ran wild. Adopting a system of regulated privileges that we deemed fair to all, we posted an order in which it was set forth explicitly.

For a time the system worked out successfully. The men on leave in Rastatt gave us little trouble, though the city was in an emotional eruption after years of hunger, horror, and pent-up feeling.

On an average, the behavior of the women of Rastatt was fully as conventional as would have been the case in a like village anywhere else in Christendom. Certainly, there were at least as many women and girls who conducted themselves unexceptionably, neither glaring at us as enemies nor making advances, as you would expect to find at home in an American small town with factories under similar circumstances.

Among them, of course, there were such things as glares, and—among the factory workers and the waitresses in the *Rathskellers*—such things as roving bright eyes. To the latter we were just men, men in the prime of life, neatly uniformed and well fed, such men as they had not looked upon since Rastatt's own young manhood had been called to the colors.

AN American idling about the streets at the hour when the factories closed for the day, or dropping into a *Rathskeller* for a stein of beer, was almost certain to get chances for a lively flirtation. Naturally, German granddads resented our successes in a field where they had been having a second fling at life in the absence of competition. But there was little they could do about it.

After a week the defeated German troops began to pour across the Rhine. Some of these veterans were glad it was over. Some were heartbroken. There were those who looked to America to save Germany, and those who blamed us for their plight.

With Rastatt filling with returned soldiers, many still under arms, we knew we had reached a crisis. It was conceivable that a barroom flirtation would bring on a catastrophe. Yet to deny the men city liberty without definite cause would probably provoke a bloody mutiny in the camp.

Trouble soon came, though the Germans did not start it. Receiving a report that some of our men were engaged in a fight in the main part of the town, I called out a riot squad I had been holding in reserve. We double-timed downtown. The scene was a big restaurant and beer garden. A dozen American privates were holding it against a crowd of several hundred German civilians. Our arrival was timely; for just as we came up a gang of returned soldiers joined the citizens.

While Geoghegan harangued the Germans I gathered up the rioting Yankees. Baltimore Bill had brought on the disturbance, not maliciously but in a spirit of fun. Crawling around on all fours, the strong man had been catching hold of the edges of tables with his teeth and then straightening and throwing them over his head. Patrons and barmaids had screamed and fled. It probably would have been very funny—in a show.

BILL had consumed a hogshead of beer, according to reports, but he responded to my commands. He let go of the last upright table, and I used him as a tank to open a road of retreat, thus getting the beleaguered men out of the beer garden and back to camp without casualties.

No more general passes were issued after the riot. I made a guard out of the Baltimore marvel and stationed him at the main gate, where he did the work of ten men.

Some of the prisoners were now disposed to question our authority. We reasoned with them when we could. Failing to make them see the light with arguments, we used fists and clubs.

Returning from an old-fashioned battle royal at the gate, I found that Merkel, the Y worker, was with us again, cheerful and sympathetic and trying hard to be of some help.

I wondered whether I had wronged him by questioning his sincerity, and finally reached a compromise verdict that, if he was not a good American, he was a real Christian, with the world his country and the Golden Rule his religion. Certainly we owed him much.

Merkel was now bringing us a last gift. This took the form—the very girlish form—of a lieutenant he evidently had picked up and put in a basket at Villingen.

"Under the circumstances, sergeant," he said, "I thought you would need a commissioned officer here. Lieutenant X has volunteered to take charge. Sergeant Halyburton—Lieutenant X."

I looked at the officer, a lovely little thing, innocent and helpless, and then at Geoghegan.

"The lieutenant was once connected with the Y. M. C. A.," Merkel continued. "He understands how to handle men."

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF

Washington, D. C.
February 20, 1920.

My dear Sergeant:

I have just learned with great pleasure of your magnificent and noble conduct while you were a prisoner of war in the hands of the enemy.

Your loyalty and self-sacrificing spirit of devotion to the interests of the American soldiers, who were prisoners in Germany during the hostilities, is worthy of the highest traditions of American manhood and patriotism. Confronted with the difficult and serious problems of discovering and exterminating the enemy propaganda, made in their endeavors to stifle the morale of the Americans, you did not waver for an instant but remained steadfast to your purpose and accomplished a most commendable service to your nation.

I am proud to have had you under my command.

Believe me, Sergeant,

Very sincerely yours,

John J. Pershing

Sergt. Edgar M. Halyburton,
Co. L, 16th Infantry,
Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky.

General Pershing's letter to Sergeant Halyburton.

Was it possible that the runty officer really thought himself fitted for this? No; he knew that he was giving himself to the lions.

Then I understood. He had made such a flop as an officer in the lines that he wanted to redeem himself. Poor devil! I told him frankly that I could not use him personally, though there was a real need for the authority that went with his uniform.

"Charley Geoghegan and I will dictate all orders and you'll sign them," I said. "Your office will be here with me. Stay here as much as you can, but if you have to show yourself, make it a point to be with one of us or a block commander. Don't bother the men. Return their salutes in a way that'll indicate you think they're human beings."

Lieutenant X yes-yessed everything I said, and then, the moment my back was turned, struck out across the camp alone, his right arm working like the piston on a locomotive as he tried to salute every man in sight.

"We've taken a shavetail to raise, mama," I told Charley. "What'll we call him?"

"Pansy," said he.

PANSY was an adventurous child. Time after time he escaped and went roaming. One day he came upon the unbelievable—a giant leaning sleepily, in giant fashion, on a club big as a wagon tongue. Pansy regarded this man mountain critically and decided it ought to stand like a soldier. He made the mistake of putting his decision into words.

Baltimore Bill woke up, glared, and, for his part, decided that he did not like the looks of our little runaway. As had been demonstrated, Bill needed only to be offended by a man's appearance to smack him down. . . .

Pansy came home to us, a lesson learned. He never wandered again in the big, big woods of Rastatt.

Two weeks had passed since the signing of the Armistice, bringing no word either from the Red Cross or the headquarters of the American army. Germany's postal, telegraph, and railroad systems had broken down. As our prospects of relief lessened another food shortage developed.

All sorts of wild rumors were started. America had refused to take back our captured soldiers. . . . The American army had revolted. . . . England and America were at war. . . .

Silly as were the stories, many prisoners believed them. A dozen men made a break and got away. Hundreds would have followed, but we redoubled our force of guards.

Rain, continuing day after day, turned the prison inclosures into veritable pigpens. Influenza broke out, spreading with terrible rapidity. We had no doctors. The hospital corps men were without medicine of any kind.

Petty leaders sprang up, inciting mutinies that had to be quelled by force. They received no mercy at my hands. One general order followed

WORLDS APART
. . . yet they agree on this
TOOTH PASTE

New luster, new brilliance new safety with this thrift dentifrice

One woman could afford to pay $2.00 a tube for tooth paste if she felt like it. The other, with a growing family to look out for, must shop sharply. Yet both are constant users of Listerine Tooth Paste, the quality dentifrice at the common sense price.

Both have discovered from actual experience, by critical comparison with other dentifrices, that Listerine Tooth Paste accomplishes amazing results. More than two million women have discarded fancy-priced brands in favor of Listerine Tooth Paste at 25 cents.

If you are open-minded, we think you will want to try it yourself. You will never spend a quarter more wisely.

When you begin to use it, you will see why it has attained such tremendous popularity.

New luster and brilliance

Note how swiftly and thoroughly it cleans —but how gently. Only the safest of ingredients are used.

See how the modern polishing agents it contains add fresh luster and brilliance to teeth that used to be dull.

Note how quickly these agents remove ugly tartar, unsightly discolorations, disgusting tobacco stains.

Firm, healthy gums

After you have used this paste a week, examine your gums. They'll appear healthier. And feel healthier.

And look for that wonderful feeling of exhilaration and mouth cleanliness that follows its use—the delightfully refreshing effect you associate with Listerine itself.

A common sense price

Don't forget that these benefits cost you half of what you would ordinarily pay. Listerine Tooth Paste costs 25c the large tube—a product as good as the name it bears.

Be sensible. Be thrifty. Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste today. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

another. Any man who broke out of camp would be treated as a deserter under laws of war still prevailing. Men who spread false reports would be summarily punished.

The company and block commanders were working as few noncoms ever worked before. We detailed a healthy man to feed and care for each flu patient and quarantined them in the hospital and special barracks. They were the real heroes of those black days.

Not more than a hundred men were involved in fights and attempted breaks, but all of us had become desperate. I was scared. So was Charley. Pansy had wilted completely. My nervous condition was such that I could scarcely sleep. The delusions to which I had been subject at Tuchel were returning.

December came and we remained, a lost legion, imprisoned and fortified behind the barbed wire. Authentic news of the activities of the Allied armies finally reached us. The American army was marching into Rhine Province far north of Baden. The French had advanced through Alsace and were occupying the west bank of the Rhine, which would bring them within ten kilometers of our camp.

With another ghastly winter beginning, I began to yield to doubt. Perhaps we had been forgotten. Perhaps we were to be left in Germany until the signing of a peace treaty. Charley and I called together the block and company commanders. It was apparent to all of us that the time had come to march, if ever we hoped to leave Rastatt on our feet.

"Make the men quiet down and we'll try to get out of Germany," I ordered. "Everyone in the camp—sick or dying—goes with us. Today is Saturday. We'll march Monday morning."

I carried the order to every casern in person, believing the men would take me at my word. "Nothing will turn us back," I assured them. "If we have to fight the Germans to get to the Rhine, we'll do that. If we have to fight the French to get across, we'll do that, too."

Accompanied by Sergeant Charley Bach, an aviator who had seen service with the Lafayette Escadrille, I set out to reconnoiter our line of march. We took the shortest route to the Rhine and an hour's walk brought us within sight of the river.

There was a bridge ahead of us, guarded by a detachment of French soldiers. As we crossed the line into the occupied zone, two guards presented their bayonets.

The French were taking no chances on German agents filtering back to destroy munitions and spread propaganda.

I felt weak and sick, but Bach grinned. He knew the French army. After telling our story to privates, sergeants, lieutenants, captains, and colonels, we found ourselves in the quarters of the general in command of the zone.

The statue, Captured But Not Conquered, by which Halyburton came to feel that he was haunted.

A MILD-MANNERED old man with a white mustache, the general listened sympathetically, then gestured helplessness.

"*Mes enfants,* I can do nothing. It is impossible to send trains, ambulances, or men into Baden even to help you. The Germans would call it a violation of the truce."

"There are many Frenchmen in our camp," Bach lied convincingly, for there were less than thirty. "If we march our men across the Rhine and bring your soldiers with us, will you provide hospitals for the disabled Americans and trains for the rest of us so we can get back to our army?"

The old man was grave. "I do not want to encourage you in such an undertaking, but I see that you are determined. Ambulances, hospitals, and trains will be ready for you."

We thanked him profusely, and were about to withdraw from his quarters when he brought out a bottle and poured for us.

Such was my mental and physical condition that, though I drank but one glass of the rum, I suddenly developed all the symptoms of complete drunkenness! Four hours later I woke up in the general's bed, where he himself had helped Bach put me. When I finally worked up enough courage to present myself, I found Bach and the *Chef de Guerre* chinning like old comrades. The general was very gracious, acting as though it were an everyday occurrence for him to put a drunken Yankee sergeant to bed. Bach, not so generous, laughed at me half the way back to camp.

It was about nine o'clock at night when we reached Rastatt. Coming within sight of the prison camp, we halted, amazed. On a railroad siding was a long row of lights.

"My God!" I exclaimed. "Is it that rum or do I see—"

"A train! Two trains! They've come for us!"

AT the gate excited guards told us that a relief expedition, organized with the help of the Swiss government, had reached camp that afternoon. The sick men were already aboard hospital cars and under the care of doctors and nurses.

Major Schelligg, United States Infantry, and a group of fellow officers and Red Cross workers were waiting for me. The major's voice came to me as from a great distance: "Have your men entrain at once, sergeant."

My years of military training carried me through my rôle mechanically. The camp rang with crisp commands and the prisoners of Rastatt moved out of their barracks to freedom in perfect company formation.

A half hour later the prison had been cleared of all its occupants. I went around, giving it a final once-over, looking into empty caserns and vacant bunks. A thousand memories, a hundred emotions, beset me. I was sick in body, mind, and soul.

I was afraid. . . .

In my morbid fancies I saw myself standing trial for Pete Mora's death with no witnesses to testify in my behalf. I pictured other trials in which I would be accused of violating all the Articles of War during my rule at Rastatt.

Could I go back to an army where I would have to fight over again all my battles for life and freedom?

My duty to my comrades done, it might be better if I deserted now—better if I faded into the shadows of the ghostly camp where I had built a little empire.

The wind was strumming the wire. Soon the train would be leaving—without me. . . .

At the very last moment I ran through the gate and swung aboard.

Major Schelligg and his aids must have wondered what was wrong with me. Pressed to tell the story of our imprisonment, I could only mutter and curse. They finally gave it up, and I sat staring out of the window. When we stopped in a picturesque Swiss village for a few minutes, I left the carriage with a vague idea of slipping away and seeking refuge in some chalet high in the mountains. But when the engine began to puff again I was back in my seat.

On and on. Snap out of it, Halyburton. You're a soldier, damn you! Break a leg. Left, right. Left, right. . . .

At Berne a half dozen leaders, including Geoghegan and myself, were taken off the train. I went, feeling certain that we were about to be questioned, arrested, and shipped to France under guard.

Instead of being led to the American legation, however, we were escorted to a big hotel where a millionaire had arranged to keep us a couple of days "to show us his appreciation of what we had done." There were soft beds, bathrooms with warm water, meals at which we could order with the sky the limit. I could neither eat nor sleep.

Our second night at Berne the host threw a big party for us, providing Red Cross nurses as companions. I sat beside an angel—a red-headed angel who might have warmed a dead man's blood—and champagne bubbled. But I was still a prisoner, fenced in by the barbed wire of fear. My knees knocked together. Cold water seemed to run down my spine.

When it was over I stumbled to my room, probably without taking leave of my companion. The next day about noon a lieutenant took me to the office of Colonel W. L. H. Godson, military attaché of the American legation.

"Have a seat, sergeant," said the colonel.

I sat down.

"Sergeant, we knew all the time what you were doing," he said, and I tried to nerve myself for the worst. "We know what you suffered—what you did for your men. You don't need to tell me that you had a tough time of it."

It all sounded like a prelude to something unpleasant. I could have sworn that his next words would be: "Of course, you realize we have our duty to perform. We are sorry that we have to try you for insubordination. . . ."

BUT Colonel Godson looked at me curiously, then turned to a typewriter and began to punch the keys.

I understood. He was writing out the charges under which I would be tried. I was beyond the speaking stage when he turned and handed me a letter that read:

AMERICAN LEGATION
Office of the Military Attaché
Berne, December 8, 1918.

SERGEANT EDGAR M. HALYBURTON,
Co. F, Sixteenth Infantry:

Before you leave Berne with the repatriated American prisoners, I desire to furnish you with this statement to make record of your services while a prisoner of war in Germany.

Captured in November, 1917, under circumstances which were absolutely beyond your control, your whole conduct from that time until your release in December, 1918, reflects credit on yourself and the Regular Army to which you belong.

In Tuchel your conduct saved your comrades from the worst that filthy hole inflicted. You organized and controlled them under great difficulties and you even succeeded in forcing recognition from the German authorities.

I shall report all I have learned in this case to the Commander in Chief and shall recommend you for a commission in the United States Army. I should be glad to have you as an officer in any organization.

I might add that this letter is based on personal knowledge of conditions you suffered under as well as the universal reports made to me by all who have knowledge of the facts.

Major Schelligg, U. S. Infantry, my assistant, who personally saw you at Rastatt, has urged that this letter be given you and speaks from actual knowledge of what you have done.

W. L. H. GODSON,
Colonel of Cavalry.

I COULD never recall what I said to Colonel Godson. Instinct guided me back to the hotel, where I sat down in the lobby and was unable to move a muscle for several hours. The shock of receiving the letter had temporarily paralyzed me. It was the beginning of years of battle to build up my shattered nerves.

Geoghegan and I went soon afterward to Vichy, France, a watering place that had become an American convalescent camp. There I learned that I had been tried and acquitted in the shooting of Pete Mora, a court-martial having heard the case soon after the Germans captured me.

Doubting whether doctors and medicines would do me any good and fearing confinement among shell-shock patients, I passed myself off as the able-bodied man I appeared to be.

Dividing responsibilities with Charley, I took charge of a hotel where a hundred men, most of them former prisoners of war, were in quarantine. Then Geoghegan was ordered to another town. We spent our last night together in a *brasserie*, drinking pernods. When I woke up the next day, very late, he was gone.

Then I saw Paris again. It was not the city of July Fourth, 1917. It was filled now with drunken colonels and brigadier generals, all hell-bent on catching up with even drunker reporters. Everyone was trying to get into the newspapers at home—get some medals, get some glory.

At the end of a week of liberty I was sent to Toul. I had reached a point where I avoided soldiers. Little children and French *anciens* were the only people I could trust not to ask questions or tell what they had done in the war.

Headquarters discovered that I still had more than a year to serve on my enlistment, and I was assigned to my old company and regiment, now with the Army of Occupation. Company F was standing at roll call when I caught up with it in a little town near Zell in the Rhine Province. I swept the line with eager eyes. Was this F Company—F of the Sixteenth? Doubt gave way to despair. It was my old outfit, but of all the men, I knew less than twenty. The others had been killed, disabled, or transferred. The C. O. was a former shavetail, the other officers strangers.

Where was Johnny Meadowcraft? It was a day or two before I found anyone who remembered him. Then I learned that he had died in action. . . .

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MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION SINCE 1858
"SQUIBB ASPIRIN, PLEASE!"

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 25

1—In 1790.
2—In 1792.
3—The amount of heat needed to raise the temperature of one pound of water one degree Fahrenheit.
4—"Light-Horse Harry" Lee.
5—Disraeli.
6—South Carolina.
7—The American aloe.
8—Australia.
9—The dittany or fraxinella, which in hot weather exhales an inflammable vapor.
10—Shakespeare's Hamlet.
11—In St. Augustine, Florida.
12—Mrs. Hattie W. Caraway of Arkansas.
13—Longfellow, in A Psalm of Life.
14—William Douglas.
15—In Titusville, Pennsylvania.
16—Minnesota.
17—The dried fruit of a tropical plant used as a sponge or in the manufacture of caps and women's hats.
18—Lakes Erie and Ontario.
19—General Lew Wallace.
20—Foxglove.

(In answer to the question: "What was the first state to be admitted to the Union after the original thirteen?" in Liberty of July 30, the answer was given: "Kentucky." The answer should have been "Vermont.")

"Oh, for some SKIP-FLEA!"

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Something had gone out of the army and out of myself. I no longer belonged. I was out of step with things.

The C. O. made me first sergeant, but there was no kick in being a victorious soldier in a conquered country. I pitied the inhabitants of the occupied zone—victims of famine, robbery, and rape; for the American army was not above perpetrating many of the atrocities of which the German soldiery had been accused.

It was hard to take orders after having been head of a prison camp, but even harder to handle the men in the regulation manner. Most of the replacements were conscripts who thought they ought to be sent home. I could do nothing to keep them from squawking, but I did put an end to the molestation of German civilians in towns where we were quartered.

Late in July, 1919, we moved up to a front-line position. I had reached zero hour in my neurosis. I went around with my hands in my pockets, gripping my underwear, lest I lay out some officious major or put a rebellious private among the daisies.

It was well, no doubt, that an order came through from Washington just then and I was sent home for discharge, making the trip from Brest to New York in a hospital ship. Reporting at Camp Mills, I expected to be released from the army at once. But there had been a mistake in the order. I would have to serve out my full enlistment. Meanwhile I could have a two months' furlough.

Glad to get anything, I took the leave of absence and started back to Taylorsville, North Carolina, the old home town.

I wanted to be just a hill-billy again.

I expected to see no changes in the Carolina hills. I would return to Taylorsville as I had left it, unknown and unnoticed. I would have eight weeks of peace and quietude with my dad and mother, sisters and brothers—one of whom was even then dying from a shrapnel wound received in the Argonne. Of course I could expect a little hullabaloo around the house when I first got home. After that I would sleep or roam, just resting.

So I thought. . . .

INSTEAD, when I got there, almost before the tears, laughter, and embraces of the family welcome were over, townspeople began pouring into the house. There were women who had held me as a baby and men who had given me my first this, that, and the other thing. There were strangers who claimed blood relationship.

"We've read about you, sergeant—we saw your statue—"

Then, like the French general's rum, it struck me that I was in the way of becoming—a hero!

At first I was puzzled. I had heard of the statue, Captured But Not Conquered, but not until now had I seen a copy of it. One stood in the living room of our home. Replicas of it had been exhibited in Liberty Loan and Red Cross drives throughout the country. How many people had seen the things I could not guess; but, as the weeks of my leave slipped away, visitors still besieged the house.

Reporters, photographers, politicians, and army officers came from distant cities. I was deluged by invitations to speak before church congregations, Kiwanis clubs, Elks, Boy Scouts, and even the W. C. T. U.

For a time I was amused. Then I became resentful. The middle-aged women all began:

"Oh, Sergeant Halyburton, I've read so much about you! I've just been dying to see and talk to you. How did the Germans treat you? What did they give you to eat?"

Knowing that they really wanted to talk, not listen, I had a stock answer: "The treatment we got was both good and bad. They gave us—" and so on.

"Yes, yes. I know all about it. We were hungry here in America. Herbert Hoover cut our food down until it was simply awful! I was sick one time and couldn't eat a thing for a whole week. I thought I would die! I had an uncle in the Spanish-American War. He was a colonel in this war. Did you know him? I think prohibition is a great thing for the boys returning from France, don't you?"

HAVING talked without let-up for an hour, they would go away and tell how interesting my story had been.

I was beginning to go nuts. What the hell did people think I was—something to be put in a museum with that damned statue? The sight of Captured But Not Conquered horrified me. The sound of its name made my stomach turn over. I felt that I was freezing up, turning into something cold and hard like it.

There was no escaping the sight of my chiseled image. It stood and stared at me all the while I was in the house. I came to believe that it followed me in the street. Sometimes I looked slyly over my shoulder, certain that it was there behind me like a *Schildwache.* At night I could have sworn that it walked upstairs and stood at my pillow.

I thought of smashing it and scattering the dust from a mountain top.

Thank God for corn liquor! I got drunk four or five times, beat up a couple of natives, and was fined $11.75. Right then I ceased being a hero in the old home town, though most people continued to regard me as something not quite human. I was the original of a statue!

When I reported for duty at the end of my furlough, a sergeant major wanted to assign me to Charleston, South Carolina, but I soon convinced him in Rastatt style that my place was with my regiment, now stationed at Camp Zachary Taylor, Kentucky.

General Summerall was then head of the First Division. He was not only a great leader but very sympathetic in his attitude toward enlisted men. He seemed to understand my case, and our relations were more like

those of a doctor and patient than a general and sergeant.

He had me pose for an oil painting, then for a photograph to be used by a sculptor in fashioning a figure for the First Division cenotaph in Arlington Cemetery. Harried by one piece of statuary, I was able to go through with this only by keeping myself petrified with drink.

I thought I had gummed the works, but General Summerall did not reprove me. Neither did he say anything when I went A. W. O. L. the day I was to have been decorated with the Distinguished Service Medal. Afterward I was angry with myself, for the officers of the First Division had worked hard to get the medal for me. The War Department had at first opposed granting me the D. S. M. on the grounds that it was intended only for commissioned officers.

The next time medals were handed out I fought down the impulse to run away. General Summerall decorated me.

Then came a letter:

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES,
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF,
Washington, D. C.
February 20, 1920.

My dear Sergeant:

I have just learned with great pleasure of your magnificent and noble conduct while you were a prisoner of war in the hands of the enemy.

Your loyalty and self-sacrificing spirit of devotion to the interests of the American soldiers, who were prisoners in Germany during the hostilities, is worthy of the highest traditions of American manhood and patriotism. Confronted with the difficult and serious problems of discovering and exterminating the enemy propaganda, made in their endeavors to stifle the morale of the Americans, you did not waver for an instant but remained steadfast to your purpose and accomplished a most commendable service to your nation.

I am proud to have had you under my command.

Believe me, Sergeant,
Very sincerely yours,
JOHN J. PERSHING.

Sergt. Edgar M. Halyburton,
Co. L, 16th Infantry,
Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky.

Praise from Black Jack was praise indeed. His letter was a cry back to the Old Army that I had served in so long. The army where officers were soldiers' soldiers and men were crap-shooting, whisky-drinking, fighting fools; where there were no glory grabbers. The army that was gone. . . .

Having evaded the hero worship for a time, I had some little hope of being able to live my own life.

But there was no permanent escape from the statue. It seemed to turn up wherever I went. Sent to Charleston, West Virginia, during the coal strike, I was assigned with others to guard Governor Cornwell.

Captured But Not Conquered had been standing in the governor's office for two years. An officer identified me as the original of the figure. Afterward it was Governor Cornwell who guarded me. He whisked me away to dinner parties, public meetings, and finally to an Armistice Day celebration where he induced me to sit on the platform with a promise that I would not be asked to say anything. Not realizing that I was nearing a nervous breakdown, he tricked me into trying to talk.

The experience was so terrifying that I unraveled completely. Yet, called up at Camp Dix for discharge in December, 1920, I succeeded in convincing the examining medico that there was nothing wrong with me.

Out of the service, I changed my name and tried to start life anew. Failing in business, I wandered around the country for years, a misfit and an outcast.

In the course of my Odyssey I was trailed by a prohibition agent and arrested with a couple of gallons of liquor in my possession.

Laugh, Cullinan, you spy! . . .

I was sent to the Canton, Ohio, workhouse by a Fundamentalist judge who would not relent enough to sign my parole papers, though pressed to do so by the governor of the state.

Laugh, Brunner, you traitor! Laugh, you prisoners who stole food from blind comrades! . . .

I walked the streets of Chicago, faint with hunger.

Laugh, von Betzman! . . .

Laugh, statue, always there at my elbow! Laugh and tell me: "You are captured and you are conquered, prisoner of peace! *Gelangen, gefangen, gehangen!* The joke is on you!"

THE END

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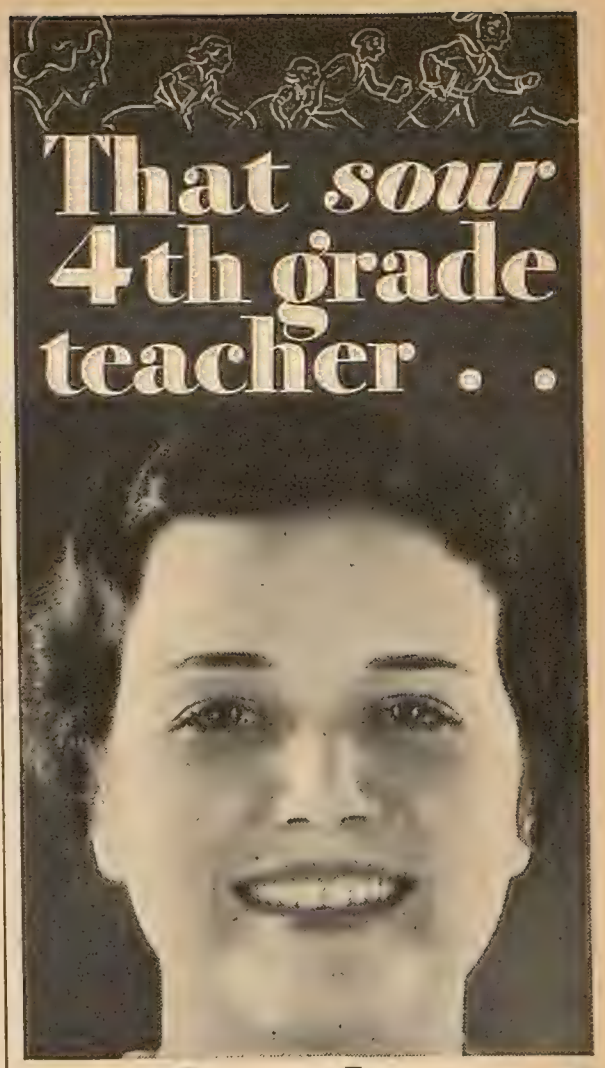
Wise Crack

MY baby niece was screaming with the colic.

Her nine-year-old cousin listened a while and then said, as if summing up, "Well, it's a cinch her milk never came from a contented cow."—Mrs. F. A. Phillips, 2035 Lake St., Lincoln, Neb.

Enough Is Enough

MY sister was to make a speech and was practicing before her three-year-old daughter. After she had repeated it a couple of times, Betty Ann remarked: "I don't believe I care to hear that again."—Mrs. L. J. Nelson, 1827 S. Mansfield Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.



with a beau!

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BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM

Blue Eyes Far Away

A Short Short Story

By

MACKINLAY KANTOR

(Reading time: 5 minutes 31 seconds.)

WHEN neighbors climbed the steep hill road to bring Esther Lee the news they did not want to bring, they found their task easier than they had expected.

She was sitting on a bench under the old cedar tree, her blue eyes seeming very empty and blank behind the lenses of her spectacles.

"Mrs. Lee," said George Dutton haltingly, "we came to tell you— There's been an accident, and your husband was— They took him to the hospital. I think you'd better come, right away."

Joseph Lee's wife didn't say anything. Slowly she arose to her feet; the black oilcloth bag in her lap slid to the ground.

George Dutton turned away while his wife put her arm around Esther Lee's thin shoulders. "Now, Mrs. Lee—he's hurt bad, but maybe he'll be all right—"

"It was an automobile accident," the farmer said. His face set. "The highway police have got the fellow that hit him, too. If it's possible to convict him, we're going to do it."

Convict, thought Esther Lee. That meant, then, that Joseph—

"Can we go now?" she asked.

"Yes. Our car's right out here at the gate. Don't you want to lock your house? And this bag of yours—"

"Leave them be," said the old woman quietly. . . .

It was a flimsy case, at best. No case, to be perfectly frank, except that a man had been killed when his old touring car was struck by the high-powered roadster of a young man.

That curve of the road had been deserted at the time of the accident, except for the two participants. Noise of the crash had drawn people from all directions.

The record of the young man who drove the red roadster was checked. It was found that he had figured in several other accidents, and his reputation for recklessness was known. But you can't convict a man on his reputation, said the young fellow's attorneys.

An indictment for manslaughter was brought, but after that things moved slowly.

Interest flagged; Joseph Lee was neither a wealthy man nor a notorious one, and the courtroom was not crowded. The defense knew that this was simply a matter of disagreeable formality, this case of the State of New Jersey *versus* Archie Stolt. Disagreeable formality, and some expense which Mr. Stolt could well afford. The defense did not know, however, that the night before the trial began a slight, elderly woman in a shabby voile dress and an old black hat went to call on the prosecutor.

Lawyers for the defense shrugged when they saw her sitting in court. A weak attempt, they whispered, to wring sympathy from the jury.

Esther Lee was the last witness called by the state. They had made ineffectual attempts to bring in Archie Stolt's previous accidents, his generally unfavorable reputation. The defendant, lounging comfortably, idly watched while the little woman duly identified herself as Esther Lee, sixty-four, widow of the deceased Joseph Lee.

"Where do you live, Mrs. Lee?" came the prosecutor's query.

"On the first Watchung mountain."

"Were you at home on the afternoon of June twentieth, at about five thirty P. M.?"

"Yes, your Honor," said Esther Lee.

The attorney cleared his throat. "Mrs. Lee, how long had you lived there?"

"Well," she said in her mild voice, "quite a while. See, when Joseph and me was first married, we lived down on Barnegat. He fished. We lived there for thirty-one year. And then his nephew left him this little place up on Watchung; we was getting old, so we moved up there. We lived there going on eleven year. We—"

"Your Honor," said the defense lawyer, "I object. The answers by the witness are not only irrelevant and beside the point, but they serve to implant a false note of sympathy in—"

The judge rapped. "Objection sustained."

The next question came like an explosion through the close air of the courtroom:

"Mrs. Lee, did you witness the accident in which your husband met his death?"

The old woman nodded. Her reply was lost in the sudden stir and scuffling as people bent forward.

"Tell the court briefly what you saw."

"Well," said Esther Lee, "Joseph had gone to Union with his garden truck. He had good customers and went there every day. I set out in front, always, to watch for him. Always I used to do that, when he fished on Barnegat—"

The attorney for the defense was on his feet, but the prosecutor motioned him into his chair. "Tell only about the accident, please."

Esther Lee's blue eyes were wet. "I watched Joseph's old car come around a bend in the road," she said haltingly, "and he was on the right side of the road. And then the red car come from the other way—on the wrong side of the road. And—Joseph's car swung out towards the middle—to try and miss it, I guess. But the other car swung out too. . . . They hit. That's all, mister. But the red car was on the wrong side of—"

"YOUR Honor!" cried the counsel for the defense.

Archie Stolt settled back into his chair with a contemptuous smile. They couldn't pull anything like that and get away with it.

"I object! It was impossible for the witness to have observed the accident at that distance. Impossible! The scene of the accident is miles from her home. I—"

The judge turned gravely and gazed down at the old woman. "I must remind you," he said, "that perjury is a very serious offense. You have sworn to tell nothing but the truth. How far is it from your home to the scene of the accident?"

"Must be a good three mile," whispered Esther Lee.

Three miles. . . . People in the courtroom shook their heads.

The woman's calloused fingers fumbled with the black oilcloth bag in her lap. "I always watched for Joseph, though," she said. "Just like I used to do when he'd come in with his fish, on Barnegat. He liked to have me, and—"

Tremblingly she held up a shiny brass telescope. "This was his," she explained. "I—always watched for Joseph, when he come home."

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The ROUGH ROAD to International Harmony

By DR. SEUSS

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THE ITALO-SIAMESE DISCORD

"Things here look bad," writes our correspondent from the Locarno Conference. "Horse-height is measured in *hands*, but hands come in different sizes. Today the conference is deadlocked—the Siamese holding out for Prajadhipok's hand—the Italians for Primo Carnera's."

LEAGUE COMMITTEE STUMPED

"Those little ruffles people put on lamb chops," says Chairman Froet, "cause more bad will than bullets. The left wing of the Ruffle Committee insists that the chop eater may take off the ruffle to play with; the right declares this is indecent."

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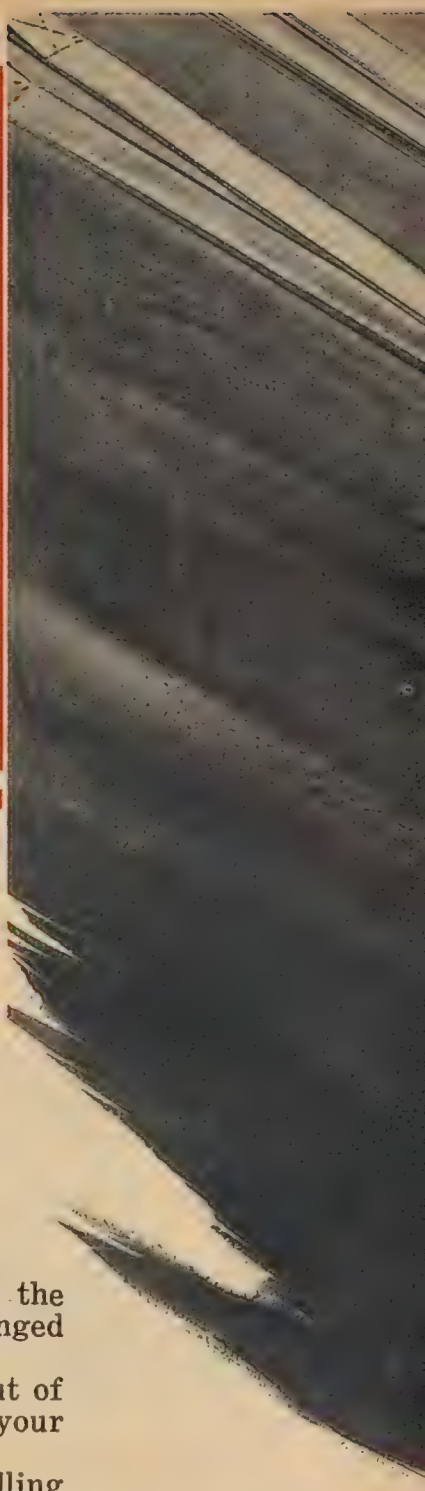
HOW WARS ARE BREWED

"In Geneva," says a League official, "every day subtle tricks are played on us peace lovers to make us mad and warlike. The worst plots are staged by the wily Associated Barbed-Wire Entanglement Manufacturers, who stop at nothing to hatch a war. Only recently, these villains broke into our peaceful social rooms and planted cobras in the thumb holes of each and every bowling ball."

BEYOND CONTROL



Their Leap for Life—Cool Nerves Necessary—Two Against the Wilderness—A Sudden Assignment for Wally—Headed Straight for Danger

By REX BEACH

Pictures by CLAYTON KNIGHT

(Reading time: 26 minutes 10 seconds.)

THIS is the story of the amazing feats of Casey Haddon, demon pilot. Haddon was employed by Georges Larue, importer and sportsman, for an endurance flight of his tri-motored Fokker, the Blue Bird. With Jules Devereaux as navigator, Tony Devereaux as radio man, and Larue and Haddon as co-pilots, the big plane was off toward Newfoundland. She struck fog. A fuel line broke. Danger! Casey shoved the terrified Devereaux brothers off, equipped with parachutes. Larue jumped. Then Casey saw a human figure. It was Larue's daredevil fiancée, Cadence Drew!

PART FIVE—SECRET BUSINESS

CASEY'S astonishment, incredulity, was succeeded by rage. Leaping forward, he seized Cadence, shook her roughly.

The girl was petrified. Her face, still swollen from sleep, was fixed in a horrified stare upon the door through which, a moment earlier, she had seen Georges Larue disappear. Weakly she clutched at Haddon.

"Casey! Oh, *Casey!* What—"

He had recovered himself somewhat and was fumbling clumsily with the buckles of his harness. He'd have her into it in a moment.

Fling her out— Then he hesitated. Her mind was not functioning, but his had never worked more swiftly. Newfoundland! A wilderness! This girl alone, possibly crippled! Impossible!

A glance at the altimeter showed him that the ship had fallen a thousand feet during the seconds since he last read it, so he cried sharply:

"We've got to bail out!"

Cadence's eyelids flickered, she sagged forward, and, fearing that she was about to faint, he shook her again, he cursed her, he slapped her face. These heroic measures were effective; when she gasped, recoiled from him, he snatched her up as if she weighed nothing and crushed her against his breast.

"Don't be afraid!" he cried. "Put your arms around my neck and hang on. Hang on tight!"

With his shoulder he forced the door open and together they plunged out into the fog. . . .

"Charley Johnson! Snap out of it, Charley! How will you have your eggs?"

Cadence heard the voice calling her and felt herself rocked, shaken. A dash of cold water brought her to with a gasp. Casey Haddon was supporting her shoulders; in his hand was a bunch of sodden moss which he had used as a sponge. She lay on the folded parachute and her back was wet.

"Good boy, Charley! Wake up. All out! This is the end of the line." Haddon was laughing; his eyes were bright and cheerful. After some further mauling and manhandling he lifted the girl to her feet.

"Ouch! I—hurt." Cadence rubbed one hip and winced. "I guess I—sat on something." After a moment she said, "I must have fainted."

"In a manner of speaking, you did. Maybe you were knocked out—we came down pretty fast, you know."

"Anyhow, I—didn't faint until it was over—the worst of it, I mean—did I? I didn't peter out on you, Casey. Tell me I didn't!"

"You were a peach, Charley." The arm which supported her tightened, shook her, and again she gasped.

"My side! I'm afraid—"

The pilot was by no means as self-composed as he appeared to be. He laughed again, more raucously this time. "Blame that on me. When I hug 'em they stay hugged. I had to do it. But look, Charley! Didn't we pick our spot? Did you ever see anything sweeter? Made to order, that's all. Now, see if you can walk. . . . Fine! That's a good kid. You'll be all right."

Cadence began to appraise her surroundings, or what was to be seen of them. That was not much, for the melancholy fog obscured everything beyond a hundred feet and revealed nothing except a flat expanse of squashy moss and marsh grass broken by an occasional clump of what looked like huckleberry bushes. Every

"DON'T be afraid!" he cried. "Hang on tight!" And together they plunged out into the fog.

blade, every leaf was dripping; the place oozed. No scene could have been more desolate, more depressing; but to the flyers who became momentarily more keenly aware that their feet were on the solid earth it was indeed welcome.

IN a firmer voice Cadence said, "I remember everything now. It comes back— Gee! I thought the chute would never open."

"I was afraid it would rip."

"Of course! I never thought of that. I didn't think of anything. I just—hung on. I remember how we swung! Sickening!" She shuddered and looked ill.

"How the devil did you happen to be aboard? Stowed away, of course."

"I don't know why I did it. I thought it was smart."

"All right! Come along. Let's stir about. We've got to hunt a drier spot than this." Haddon gathered up the parachute, shook the water out of it, and folded it into a bundle. "We can't go far, though, for I've got to locate the plane."

"Do you think they got down all right?" One hand clutched at Cadence's breast.

"Of course they did. No reason to think otherwise."

"I'm so—frightened," the girl said weakly. "They may be hurt—dying. So many things could happen!"

Casey folded the parachute closer and made her sit down on it. "Pull yourself together, Charley. You're all in. Meanwhile I'll look around for a—"

"No, no!"

"I won't go far," he reassured her. "I'll stay within calling distance. We've simply got to get out of this swamp. It'll be getting dark by and by."

After what seemed an interminable time he reappeared out of the mist to announce. "There's higher ground over yonder. I think we'll find timber."

"Sorry I let go. I'm all right now," Cadence announced. Together they set out, and before long they felt firmer footing beneath them.

Another ten minutes of exploration brought them to a real thicket of trees of lodgepole size. The branches were wet but the ground beneath was firm and it was carpeted with needles. He broke out an open space, tramped it down, and after perhaps a half hour of vigorous work he rigged up a fly out of a square cut from the parachute. By means of the cords he stretched it into a

serviceable shelter, beneath which he piled boughs, and over these he spread what was left of the silken fabric. Finally he started a fire. Several fallen logs promised an ample fuel supply for the night.

In the grateful heat of that blaze, with the steam rising from her garments and a cigarette between her lips, Cadence felt better.

"Gee! I hope the others are safe," she said. "What happened, Casey? I knew there was something wrong when I woke up—"

Briefly he recounted what had happened. "I figured I knew about where we were and—I was right. . . . Now then, Charley, my boy, how come you're all dressed up for flying? Did you intend to stow away?"

"Um-m—yes and no. You gave me the idea last night at dinner—" The girl paused, she shook her head. "Crazy, wasn't it? This cures me."

Casey smiled down at her. "Well, you're a 'caterpillar' now. Welcome to our club! You're a finished flyer, Charley."

"Near finished, you mean. . . . That was a heroic thing you did. And you slapped my face! Here's the other cheek." She turned her face up.

"I promised you a spanking in Bar Harbor," he reminded her, "but I didn't propose to spank you so high up."

"You're—pretty nice, Casey. Thanks are awfully inadequate."

"Don't think any more about it. Let's think of the Blue Bird. She can't be far off. Seems to me I heard her crash—imagination probably. Anyhow, we'll have a look for her in the morning. My pipe and tobacco are aboard."

"*Casey!* How selfish of me!" Cadence extended her cigarette case. "I'm *so* ashamed!"

The man was dying to snatch one, but he feared his companion would need them all and more before they got out of this plight.

"Never use the pesky things. They sap the moral courage and lead to vice. My mother said so. . . . There's some grub in the—in your private stateroom also, and I fancy it will come in handy."

"If the ship didn't catch fire."

"No chance. I saw to that."

"You think of everything, don't you? Do you know where we're at?"

"Haven't the slightest idea."

"Gosh! Then we're in a pickle, aren't we?" The speaker frowned into the fire and Haddon stared down at her with thoughtful eyes. Thank heaven she had suffered no sprains, no broken bones, for they must rely wholly upon themselves from now on!

GEORGES, of course, didn't dream of her presence here. If he and the Devereaux boys succeeded in joining company, as it seemed sure they would do, both he and Tony would have their hands full in taking care of Jules, and it was quite unlikely that they would attempt to hunt up the fourth member of their party. No, they'd make directly for the coast and expect him to do the same. Ordinarily he would have faced that task with composure, but with this girl on his hands—George's fiancée—

"It's a good thing I didn't make myself known or—nobody found me." Cadence closed her eyes; a faint shudder ran over her. "Five people and four parachutes! I'd have been a—murderess. . . . When I saw Georges step off I— It was horrifying! The others gone and—"

"Cut it out, Charley! Don't act like a girl."

"And that's nice of you too, Casey." The speaker favored him with a tremulous smile. "All right! I'll be a good boy. It— seems funny, though, not to know where we are. Newfoundland is mostly wilderness, isn't it?"

"But we're not going to starve. It's alive with fish and game. I read it in a folder. We'll come out of this all right."

He disappeared into the mist for more wood.

Darkness came early because of the fog, and the castaways made themselves as snug as possible. They were dry at least, and the heat reflected into their shelter was ample for comfort. Along about midnight, however, a chill wind out of the north began to stir, the stars revealed themselves, and that portion of the parachute not in use as a shelter came in handy. Cadence refused to monopolize it, however, and when her companion asserted that he was quite comfortable she said:

"Don't be silly."

"I'll sit up and keep the fire going."

"Nature's nobleman speaking. You're as tired as I am and you need your sleep. We're in a fix, Casey; if we are to get out of it we'll have to go fifty-fifty on everything. We're a couple of cold, hungry human beings. We can keep reasonably warm together if you'll share this cover with me; if you refuse, I'll sit up and yawn in your face."

"Very well." He piled the fire high; took his place beside the girl and drew the folded cloth around their forms. Light as it was, it kept the wind out and retained some body heat.

After a while he inquired, "Asleep yet?"

"No. I'm thinking about Pretty Pet."

"Me, too."

"Thank heaven I left a note for her. I said if I wasn't home for lunch I'd wire her tonight from Harbor Grace. And please to look after my runabout. I suppose everybody knows by now that we crashed."

"No doubt."

"That's good. They'll send out planes." The girl snuggled her back closer to him. "Pretty Pet knows 'nothing can happen.' I'll wire her tomorrow."

WHEN Mrs. Drew read the hastily written note she found on her granddaughter's dressing table, instead of suffering alarm she enjoyed a good laugh. What would the child be up to next? she asked herself.

A telephone call to the field revealed the fact that Cadence was not there, had not been seen at all that day, and that her ship was in its hangar; so Mrs. Drew sent her chauffeur out to bring home the runabout.

That evening, when she saw a headline in the paper that the Blue Bird was down, she nearly swooned, and she was deathly sick when she called up the flying field.

She could get little information. The final S O S had been flashed about three o'clock. The plane was lost in the fog and running on one motor; its position at the time was uncertain. Presumably it had landed soon thereafter.

Other passengers? The field official didn't know what Mrs. Drew was talking about. This was no passenger flight; there were only four men in the crew. Casey Haddon was a skillful and a resourceful pilot; he and his companions were equipped with chutes. As soon as the fog cleared rescue planes would make a search.

Mrs. Drew hesitated to reveal the cause for her concern; she quailed at thought of the sensation it would create. The tabloids would play it up.

"You—must send a flying machine after them right away," she directed.

"Of course."

"I d-don't care what it costs. Would twenty or—or thirty thousand dollars be enough?"

"There won't be any charge. There are a dozen ships nearer than—"

"You don't understand what it means. You see, Cadence—I mean, she's engaged—Mr. Larue is her fiancé. And Casey Haddon is a friend. He saved my life."

"And he'll save his own. Depend upon it. He's used to flying blind. Don't excite yourself, Mrs. Drew. Nothing can be done for a few hours, and by morning we may hear all hands are safe."

For some time longer the man continued to talk in this vein, and Mrs. Drew managed to control herself. She rang off without confessing the real reason for her alarm.

Bravely she asserted that all was well, the while she paced the floor, wringing her hands and sobbing. . . .

Dawn broke clear and cool.

Once Cadence had stamped the kinks out of her muscles

HE sensed a movement at his back. The fellow in the beret had his arm upraised.

and warmed herself over the fire, she pronounced herself ready to set out, so Casey rolled up the chute and they began a search for the fallen plane.

His instinct had seldom betrayed him, and he felt sure that he knew in which direction the Blue Bird was headed when he stepped off, so he shaped a course accordingly.

His sharp eyes were the first to see the ship where it had ended its flight among some low trees and brush. It was shattered as if from an explosion. Closer examination revealed that its landing gear and wings had been ripped off and that it had burst open, belching forth the contents of its cabin. An odor of gasoline was still in

As they dried out near their fire, Casey announced, "We can stick around here and wait to be found, or we can go on."

evidence. Cadence paled when she looked at the wreck. After a moment she said:

"It was smart of you to cut the ignition."

"I'm here because I'm careful," Casey told her. Then, ignoring the pathos, the tragedy of the scene which momentarily overcame his companion, he picked his way around and through the débris and finally squeezed himself into what had been the storage compartment. He crowed when he found his pipe and tobacco. A moment and he passed out a lunch kit in which were dishes, cups, and two vacuum bottles of coffee. There were sandwiches in the basket. The coffee was still hot when he opened it.

Poor old Blue Bird! Her complete demolition bore eloquent testimony to the fate her passengers had escaped. With a shiver Cadence turned her back and asked:

"Doesn't it make you want to cry?"

"It makes me want to kiss this parachute," Casey declared.

"I'm trying to brave it out, but I'm thinking of Georges and the—"

"Don't get nervous!"

"They have no hot coffee."

"We'll take a look for them by and by. As soon as the wind goes down I'll send up smoke signals, Indian style. Now then"— he eyed the girl speculatively —"you've got to have a change of wardrobe, Charley. We have a long hike ahead of us and you'll need something dry to sleep in. We've got to rustle you up a trousseau. Fortunately here's quite a bit of food and we can get more. We won't starve."

Carefully Haddon ransacked the plane. Happily there were two pairs of blankets, also a few articles of clothing, such as sweaters, overalls, and the like, and out of these he selected what he considered indispensable to their needs.

With the food in the lunch kit and the remnants of the parachute he managed to get together something like a fair camping outfit, including a fishline and a few hooks.

IN the litter of stuff through which he pawed Casey saw a scratch pad the leaves of which had been used by Georges Larue and the others during the flight. It contained numerous messages, one of which attracted his attention. It read:

Must get through tonight or Tremblay will sail for St. Pierre.

There were other notes, too, that made him feel as if he were listening in on a busy wire.

He discovered his revolver after a while and squirmed out of the wreck.

"Charley, my lad, we're sitting pretty," he told his

companion. "You'll be too fat to waddle when we reach the coast."

Cadence smiled bravely enough. "You must let me carry my share of the outfit."

"I can manage—"

"Let's start right, Casey. Fifty-fifty. No favors."

Without argument he rolled up a light bundle for her, and fashioned a comfortable pack strap out of a pair of overalls belonging to Tony Devereaux. A similar load, but four times as heavy, he made for himself. Then, after a final survey of the scene, they turned their backs on what was left of the Blue Bird.

Evening found Cadence barely able to stand. She was too exhausted to help pitch camp.

Again they spent the night on the barrens, imperfectly sheltered by a grove of stunted timber. As they dried out near their fire, Casey announced, "We can do one of two things, Charley, and the choice is up to you. We can stick around here and wait to be found, or we can go on. We can probably reach the coast in two or three days—"

"Then let's shove on. I must get word to Pretty Pet. Poor gran!"

"You should have thought about her."

"No doubt! But you needn't rub salt into my smarting wounds. I'm feeling bad enough—" A moment and the speaker smiled maliciously. "Wait until I tell her about last night!"

"What is there to tell?" he demanded.

"Nothing! And 'nothing' is such an—anticlimax." She met his frown with a gleam of mockery in her eyes. "She'll at least expect the thrilling story of a struggle, a contest of the sexes, a war of wills, with virtue tattered but triumphant in the end. At her age, you know, all men are masterful and all women are weak."

"And at your age it's quite the opposite! Well, you're both wrong."

"At least I can tell her how nice and warm you are."

HADDON stared at the speaker with a peculiar expression of grimness. His voice was harsh when he said, "There's something I never kid about and that's my bedfellows. You have a pretty mouth; all it lacks is one thing—"

"Aha! I knew it was coming. You mean a kiss."

"No! A zipper!"

Miss Drew laughed unaffectedly and, the man suspected, with some relief. "Perhaps you're right. At any rate, I breathe easier. I no longer shrink in terror from your touch."

"Sensible boy!" he said in the same tone he had used before. "Get one thing into that head of yours: I'm Casey Haddon and you're Charley Johnson. We're just a couple of fellows out for a hike."

"Thanks, Casey!"

Before long they rolled up in their blankets and said good night.

They were much more comfortable than on the night before. They were quite snug, in fact. Nevertheless Casey Haddon slept poorly, a fact that provoked in him a sardonic amusement.

What an extraordinary adventure! Fancy a man even closing his eyes with a girl like Cadence Drew at his side! Last night he had practically held her in his arms! He could still feel her warm breath, a strand of her hair against his cheek!

Haddon dozed more or less, but at daybreak he got up, spread his blanket over his companion, and lit his pipe.

He started when the girl spoke to him.

"Good morning. I didn't hear you wake up," he said cheerfully.

As she noticed his blanket over her she frowned. "This isn't square, Casey."

"Oh, that! I'm sort of an owl, Charley. I can sleep on a limb."

"Promise never to do it again. You're the skipper and you must have your rest."

"Very well. Do you feel fit to travel?"

"Fit as a fiddle—a cheap one."

"Then we'll head south."

"Righto!"

EARLY on the morning the Blue Bird took off from New York, Mr. Walter Ennis, star reporter of the St. John's News Sentinel, drove in from Harbor Grace directly to the office of his paper and pounded out a story about the City of Winnipeg. It was the story of another disappointment, another postponement; the big Fokker had again delayed its departure.

While so engaged his telephone rang. He had put in a hard night and his head was splitting, so he lifted a pudgy hand and throttled the instrument. Not until he had typed his last line did he raise the receiver to his ear.

"News Sentinel, Ennis speaking," he barked.

"Oh, indeed? Been to the washroom or on a camping trip? This is McCall."

"Make it snappy, Mac. I've got a hangover."

"Just another record-smashing flight for you to cover. The Blue Bird took off from New York this morning, loaded with frogs' legs."

Irritably Ennis inquired, "Whaddaya mean, frogs' legs? I'm supposed to pull the gags on this paper."

"The owner is a fellow named Georges Larue. A French importer. Jules Devereaux is the navigator and Tony Devereaux is the radio man."

"Oh!"

"Pilot, Casey Haddon."

"Sure! I know. He's the best in the business."

"They'll land at Harbor Grace this afternoon, weather permitting."

"But, Mac, the weather *isn't* permitting. It's thicker than muck—"

"Anyhow, I'm sure you'll be delighted to run back out there and cover the arrival." McCall laughed at the explosion which followed this statement. "Sorry, old man, but it

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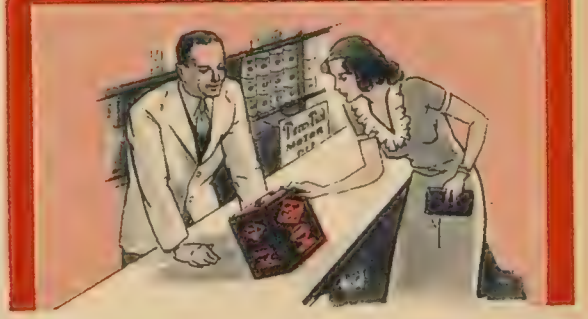

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can't be helped; there's nobody else I can send. Be out at Harbor Grace by four o'clock."

"A'right," Ennis groaned. "G'by!"

Wally's automobile, as weary-looking as its owner, complained under the weight of his two hundred pounds as he climbed into it. He trod on the starter, whereupon epilepsy seized the vehicle and it shuddered from end to end; its gears clashed but finally meshed and it jumped forward; then, creaking in every joint, it rolled out Duckworth Street in the direction of the Newfoundland Hotel.

Mr. James Heffron was shaving when Ennis waddled into the sitting room of his suite and collapsed into an overstuffed chair. Breakfast had been ordered and would be up shortly, so the former said. He stood motionless, razor in hand, while his visitor told him about the departure of the Blue Bird.

"Casey Haddon will make it if it's humanly possible."

"Know him?" inquired Heffron.

"I know him easy. He's been down here several times. I know the radio man, too. I met him in St. Pierre."

"Yeah?"

"Fellow named Devereaux, Tony Devereaux. He was with the French Radio Company. Remember what I was telling you last night?"

"About some big smuggling deal? I thought it was the hooch talking."

"Not at all. That's where I got on to it—St. Pierre. . . . Kind of queer, isn't it? Tony Devereaux. Radio. St. Pierre."

"There must be a lot of smuggling going on over there."

"This is different. This proposition makes rumrunning look cheap. And I dug it up myself." Mr. Ennis beamed complacently. "I'm something of a detective, Jim. You don't mind my calling you Jim?"

"We settled that last night, Wally. On the second bottle. . . . So you're a sleuth?" Heffron turned back to his shaving, but opened the glass door of his medicine closet and unobtrusively adjusted it so that he could see the reflection of his guest.

"Every newspaper man is a detective, in a way. Who uncovers the big crime stories and works 'em out? The police? The Secret Service? Not on your life! Us reporters."

The man at the glass continued scraping his upper lip. "Listen to some advice. You outlined the fiendish plot to me, a comparative stranger—presumably you've broadcast it to others. If there's any truth to it, you're taking a chance. The dastards may knock you off."

"That's not likely." From his inside coat pocket the speaker took a limp loose-leafed memorandum book and waggled it at Heffron. "There's my future career. Names, dates, and places. When I break the story in here I'll kiss old St. John's on the beezer, turn on the hollow of my foot, and head for New York."

IN silence Heffron powdered his chin the while a waiter entered the living room with a tray of food which he laid out upon a table. As the two men sat down to it Heffron said:

"Well, I'm a business man and if I were in your place I'd sell that little black book of mine and call it a day."

"Sell it to whom?"

"The highest bidder. That, of course, means the gang—assuming that there is a gang. They would pay more than any newspaper. What you need is a manager; somebody like me."

"If I knew who they are the story would be complete."

"You don't have to know. In fact, the less you know on that score the better. You don't have to tell 'em you've got the goods. They'll learn that from their tea leaves. The cards will tell 'em. Damned clever, these Chinese! All I'd do if I were in your place would be to close my eyes and think of a number; hold the thought of, say, ten thousand dollars. They'll read your mind."

Ennis shook his head.

"Well, fifteen thousand. Isn't that worth more than seeing your name in print?"

"Not if it's in big type. No, money doesn't figure. I'm no business man."

For a while longer the two men talked. Then Ennis rose with a yawn and announced his intention of going home and getting as much sleep as possible before leaving for Harbor Grace. Mr. Heffron, too, was sleepy and thought he would turn in. Instead of doing so, however, he waited until his breakfast guest had driven away, then he packed his bag, paid his bill at the desk, and left the hotel. A hundred feet from the door the fog swallowed him up.

About two o'clock that afternoon Ennis once more climbed into his automobile and drove downtown to a small restaurant for his second breakfast of the day. He considered telephoning the office; but there was no phone handy, and he reasoned that McCall would have notified him if there was any late news from the Blue Bird. Evidently she was still coming, so it was time he got going.

IT was as foggy as ever. As Wally rattled through village after village his thoughts, as usual, reverted to the big story in the back of his head and to what his newfound friend Heffron had said that morning. Ten thousand dollars! Fifteen! As if any decent reporter would sell out! Jim didn't know the joy of this game or the thrill of a big beat. He couldn't appreciate the maze of cross trails which had confused and baffled the newspaper men for the past six months or the patient work involved in following them out. Air smuggling! On a scale never before attempted!

Yes, this Blue Bird outfit needed watching. Georges Larue was a Frenchman, an "importer." Wally felt a growing conviction that at last he was getting hot, and he determined to hang around Harbor Grace until he discovered something definite. Fortunately he knew Casey Haddon; if he could manage to get a few drinks into the pilot disclosures were sure to be forthcoming.

In his eagerness to get through ahead of the plane, Wally drove faster than caution dictated, and passing through Holyrood he nearly ran down a group of Lunenburg fishermen, "squidders," who had put in for bait. He all but ditched his car in avoiding them and received a picturesque cursing for his trouble.

A few miles beyond Spaniard Bay his brakes squealed under the quick, vigorous pressure of his foot and he brought his car to a jolting stop with its front bumpers within three feet of an obstacle which completely blocked his way. It was a truck with covered body and it stood motionless in the road. It had loomed up so suddenly as to fetch the reporter's heart into his throat.

"What the hell!" he shouted wrathfully and flung open the door of his car. With an effort he heaved himself through it. "Whaddaya mean blocking a road like this? Trying to kill somebody?"

Out of the obscurity two figures materialized and one of them spoke to him in French.

"Don't you know enough to pull off to one side?" Ennis bellowed in growing rage. "Didn't you ever drive in a fog? Damned if I don't lodge a complaint against you!" He checked his outburst, however, when he sensed, rather than heard, a movement at his back. He jerked his head around in time to see two other men, the nearer one a swarthy person in a beret and a pea-jacket. What the more distant member of the pair looked like, Ennis did not note, for the fellow in the beret had his arm upraised. That arm was descending, and Wally ducked. But too late. He bleated faintly and reeled; his knees buckled. The man struck him a second time, and he pitched forward. A blackness descended upon him.

Did this attack end Wally's sleuthing, or did he live to get on the trail of the smugglers once more? You'll learn his fate in next week's installment of the story.

To the Ladies!

(Reading time: 4 minutes 35 seconds.)

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

DANISH parents give their boys three names, then subtract two. So Carl Emil Reinald Werrenrath turned out to be Reinald Werrenrath, the community singer.

He organizes, trains, and leads community choirs all over the country. We are beginning to have a popular revival of song, he says, and he thinks it will be tremendous when beer comes back. "Already," he told me, "one big piano company is making a beer-proof piano—using a special varnish that does away with beer stains."

While song and beer seem to go together (two old German customs), Mr. Werrenrath tells me he knows plenty of good singers who prefer ginger ale. "Even in the old days," he said, "when the beer barrel was rolled out, and we sang and sang for the sheer pleasure of it, there were always quite a few teetotalers in the crowd."

Reinald Werrenrath.

America has surprised Mr. Werrenrath by becoming so largely a nation of passive listeners. Radio may be responsible, he thinks, but he says we'll do our own singing again, both in singing clubs and in the home.

"Home singers are a class by themselves," he said. "They get lots of fun out of it. They ought to stick to it. They ought not to be exploited.

"The other day a nice young lady asked me to give her fiancé an audition. She thought he should be a professional. 'You have a good voice,' I told him, 'but not good enough for professional work, and you're too old to be trained.'

"'Hurrah!' said the young man. 'That's swell! I don't want to be a professional. Never did. My girl and my folks have been pestering me into it. Now I hope they'll let me sing in peace.'"

Some cities are more songful than others. Reinald Werrenrath ranks Boston first, then Cincinnati, Detroit, New Orleans, and San Francisco. But he'll sing anywhere.

"WHAT can be done with a twelve-year-old child who evades every question?"

A worried mother writes this to me. She says:

"My little daughter seems unable to make up her mind about anything. She will not give a straight answer. She fibs and "slides out" in a silly, petty way. I am afraid she may grow up to be an habitual dodger—and there is no happiness for people like that."

I agree. In the end such people pay for their evasions with compound interest. I think perhaps the best way to correct this tendency in a child is to wait until the fib or evasion has produced its inevitable trouble, then point out the cause.

In high estate or low, the result of dodging issues is often ruinous. It was this weakness in the nature of the late Czar Nicholas of Russia that led him to his final tragedy. I know a true story about him that illustrates his evasive character. The Czar was receiving his ministers of state. The ministers were submitting their opinions and their suggestions for the conduct of important affairs.

"I quite agree with you," said Nicholas to one minister, who was then ushered out.

Another entered. He discussed the same matters, but his opinion and suggestions were entirely different.

"I quite agree with you," said Nicholas again.

The Czarina had been listening. "You're crazy," she told the Czar. "How can you possibly agree with both those men? Their ideas are as far apart as the poles."

"My dear, I quite agree with you," said Nicholas.

A HANDY little book is Government—Not Politics, by Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt. I recommend it to women voters. (Published by Covici, Friede.)

OLD-FASHIONED foyers are back. A prominent New York hostess has just redecorated the "front hall" of her apartment with attractive Victorianism. She used white wall paper patterned with a formal "festoon" design in gold. There is a big Victorian mirror, a console table, and a Chippendale "love seat." One of those funny old crisscross wall racks accommodates the hats. The final touch—in a corner, holding forth a tray, a comical iron nigger boy, life size.

DOG fashions are hard to keep track of. No one seems to know why certain dogs come into style and others go out. I am told that German dachshunds are now in vogue, that Scotties and wire-haired terriers are still smart, and that toy French poodles are really the de luxe dog of the day. (They cost an awful lot.)

Pekes and Poms are everlasting favorites with some, but their vogue is on the wane. Chows are now definitely out. But they'll come back—and so will red hair for women. Chows are the only dogs that have had an influence on the color of women's hair.

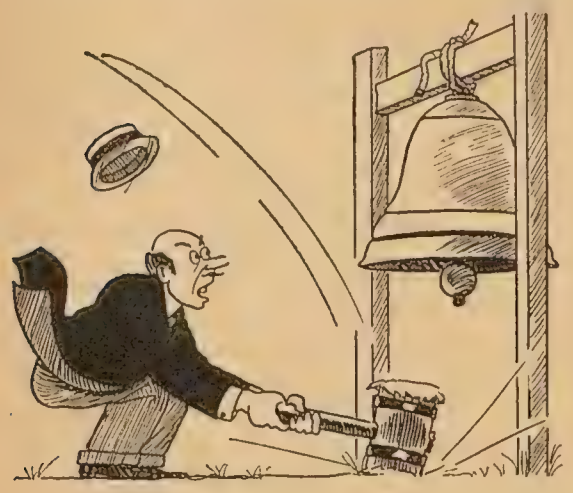
I remember the day when a red-headed English beauty appeared in fashionable London with two red chows. Within a week half the society women of the town had red chows and red hair.

A WISE-CRACKING Frenchwoman used to tell me that German women seldom look smart because they all wear their hats back to front. Well, that's how we are going to wear our hats this autumn, and Paris is responsible. The latest Paris hats have ribbon bows or feather ornaments pasted down in the middle of the wearer's forehead. The brims turn up with the strangest twists, and all the new hats have that back-to-front look.

Vox

A Lot of People, John, Feel Just as You Do, But They Don't Write Nearly So Well

DENVER, COLO.—Liberty, I am buying your magazine week after week when I really should be saving my nickels for the great day when these nickels will again buy so many glasses of good beer—thanks to your fearless stand at a time when other periodicals did not have the moral " guts " to oppose prohibition, and



thanks also to the common sense of the people, which is bound to prevail in the end.

Well, I buy it because I like the " durn' ol' thing "! Its stories keep one awake o' nights; its articles on political issues, and its editorials on timely topics set one to thinking; its contests—ah, its contests!—they make one get a mental rupture in the effort to get a prize.

I've tried to win ever since the first contest appeared in swaddling clothes, and I benefited from them. I've enriched my vocabulary, learned to look at the moral aspect of things, brushed up on geography, had practice in writing poetry—but I've failed to get the coveted prize! It wasn't my turn. But some day I shall hit the top mark, and then, instead of feeling like wringing Liberty's neck, I shall ring the Liberty Bell.—*John Farnsworth.*

The Major General's Compliments, Sir!

GENERAL BILLY MITCHELL,
c/o Editor, Vox Pop.
DEAR BILLY:

Last 22d of January I wrote you a letter in care of Vox Pop, but, having neither had nor seen any answer thereto I'll repeat the question. That question is:

When, where, and under what circumstances has any ship of any character been sunk or even seriously damaged by attack from the air while that ship was *under way?????*

Please let us have an answer, Billy, otherwise those of us who know the facts will be induced to believe (much to our regret) that, for you, the vivid glare of the spotlight is more attractive than the steady illumination of the *truth.*—*Maj. Gen. Robert Alexander, Tacoma, Wash.*

SAN BERNARDINO, CALIF. — Thank God! We only are officered in the army and navy by a lot of men who think they can tell Brigadier General William Mitchell what war is.

If " Reserve Officer," whose article appeared in the July 30 issue of Liberty would stop " laughing " for a while and give a little serious study to this business of being prepared with airplanes in time of war, perhaps he would laugh on the other side of his mouth.

If we had more men in the army like Mitchell and General Butler, we could rest assured we would be prepared for war.—*Be Prepared.*

Well, Who Are You Going to Vote for This Fall?

KALAMAZOO, MICH.—Yes! we have a depression. The papers are full of relief for unemployed, but that's about as far as it ever gets—just to the front pages of our newspapers. No one is to blame for it, we are told. It just happened, like a tornado, cyclone, earthquake, or what have you? We were told that if we would just keep the Republicans in office good times would always be here, but just let a Democrat get in and there would be h—— to pay.

Nettie S. Watson

Well, the majority believed all that ballyhoo and elected a Republican, then sat back and waited to reap the harvest. And what a rude awakening we all had! For once the able Republicans had slipped up and got into office at the wrong time. Hard times were here in earnest and no Democrats to blame them on. Something had to be done, so they appointed commissions. Still something had to be done, so they appointed more commissions.

All this complicated mechanism of relief that doesn't relieve, when all the working class wants is a job, a little home, a cheap car, just a chance to work and earn the necessities and a few of the luxuries.—*Nettie S. Watson.*

As to Forefathers and Farms

WILMINGTON, ILL.—I wish some of your Vox Pop contributors who do not favor the back-to-the-land movement would answer one little question for me. Perhaps other Liberty readers would like to hear what they have to say.

If families living on small tracts of land cannot make a living at the present time, how in the deuce did our forefathers do it, when they did not have one tenth the advantages of modern science, and the danger and hardships of those days were a hundred times greater than at present?

Again I ask, How?—*Roger Bull.*

Uh-huh! But Wait Till You Read the Rest

WASHINGTON COURT HOUSE, OHIO—I see the uncrowned Pulitzer writer has given you another break. When Rex Beach puts his nose to the writing machine a story pops out that ripples with a silvery smoothness unlike any other writer.

" Beyond Control " will have to do with some famous characters loosing their grip on the money wheel and smashing up just as the tide of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation is raised to save those with a trifle more prestige and favor with the Republican machine.

That's only my guess—leave it to Beach, he'll cram it with breathless episodes.—*J. M. Kildow.*

Say, Have You Got a Dirty Slam Buried in This?

WILMINGTON, N. C.—It took the holding of the Olympic Games in America to inspire Liberty to display its first presentable cover, and it will be a long, long time before the games are again held over here.—*R. B. Proctor.*

A Landsman Labels It

PITTSBURGH, PA.—I don't profess to be a salty son of a sea cook, but let a landlubber say Frank Knox Hockman's " Cap'n Chesney's Multitude " was all wool and a yard wide; and I don't mean a wide yawn.—*T. R. E.*

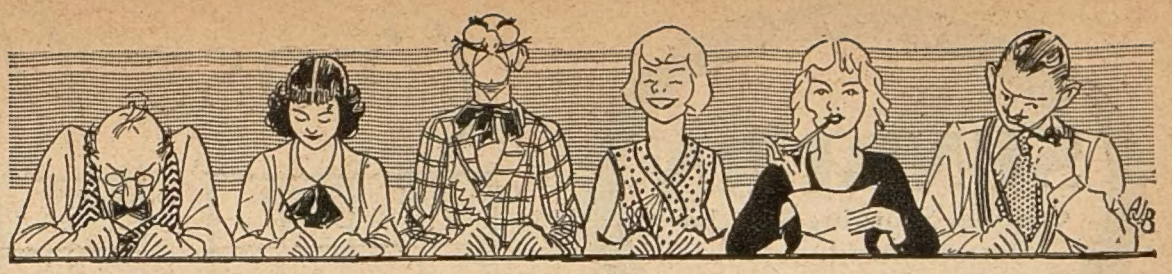
Charlie, This " Guy " Warren's Name Is Georgia

FORT WORTH, TEX.—You know it isn't true Ed it just ain't so. So in case you don't understand what I mean, I am referring to the cover on the July 16 issue of Liberty.

They just don't grow them thataway, or at least not down here in Texas.

But that guy Warren can sure put that paint on canvas.—*Charlie of W5BGW.*

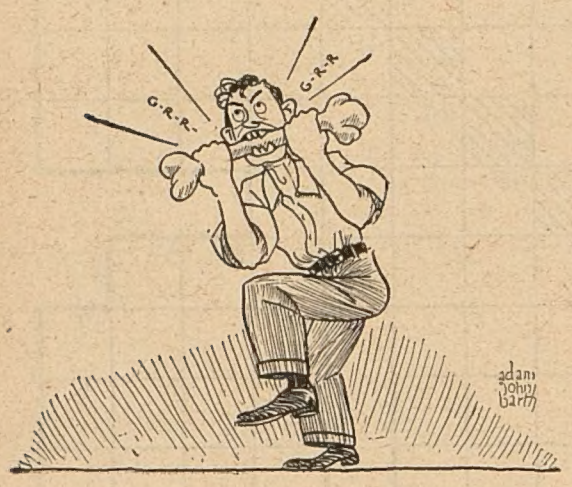
Pop



Gnash Away; Then Read Mr. Travis' Letter

MONTREAL, QUE., CAN.—It has taken three years for me to decide to write to Vox Pop. During that time I have been gnashing my teeth on a bone which I wish to pick with you. In fact, my feelings have been wrought to such a pitch that foam has gathered on my lips.

Please ask the Contest Editor the following question: "How many of the



prizes are sent outside the U. S. A., particularly the big ones?"

Of course, a five-dollar prize has to be sent somewhere outside of the Union, but the big ones are different.

So come on, ye Contest Editor, and cut out the hoodwinking, 'cause you can't fool all the people all the time, and, furthermore, a rabies bite is a bad thing. Yes, sir, a bad thing.—*J. J. M. Hart.*

You Read Mr. Travis' Letter, Too!

HARTFORD, CONN.—While I participate in your contests, I never send in answers in hopes of winning a prize.

I *do*, however, read the lists of winners, and one thing has struck me with considerable force:

These lists *look* authentic enough, but I never have seen the name of any person I know included. It's suspicious, says I.—*J. H. C.*

Just in Time, Mr. Travis

POST CITY, TEX.—I'm getting tired of hearing people say that Liberty's a fake; that it doesn't pay off in its contests; and that it publishes made-up names for its winners, etc. I'm here, facing you now, to defend Liberty in that respect!

D. T. Travis

I won a minor prize a few months ago in the Wise-Crack Contest; and I received my check, too!

Furthermore, I have a cousin in New Mexico who received a $100 check from Liberty in a former contest. And I also know of others who have received checks from Liberty recently.

Now any of you skeptics who say that Liberty doesn't pay off, just keep your trap closed from now on!—*D. T. Travis.*

New Use for Liberty

SASKATOON, SASK., CAN. — We are readers of Liberty magazine and send them on to our son who is a homesteader in northern Saskatchewan. In a recent letter he says:

"My watch being broken, I time baking my bread by reading Liberty stories."—*H. A. McInnis.*

The Feminine Slant on "Shoot and Be Damned!"

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Ever since I started "Shoot and Be Damned!" I've been wondering how you were going to manage to "sex it up." Well, you've done it. Nothing seems impossible in this day and age. Far be it from me to complain, but don't you really think the "sex interest" should have been a beautiful blonde aviatrix? Why confine yourself to a mere she sergeant major? Next week I hope to find each of our brave American prisoners provided with at least a she private. Hurry! I can hardly wait.—*Percival* (*late of the A. E. F.*).

JERSEY CITY, N. J.—After reading Halyburton's story, "Shoot and Be Damned!" and being an ex-service nurse, I should like someone to explain just what he means by the statement: "Now we were sex-starved, hungry for anything that suggested women. 'Write to the Red Cross, Frank,' I told Upton; 'maybe they'll send us a carload of nurses.'"

Of course nurses are women, but I do hope that we are more than just anything that suggests women, and wonder if all the boys who were over thought of us only when they were sex-starved.

After going through some of the trying things we did, with no more food than he had, and much less rest, then to have someone from home who didn't need the care of a nurse speak of us as women whom the Red Cross sent out to sex-starved soldiers is beyond me.—*M. H. B., R. N.*

Ho Hum. How Far Can You Heave a Sigh?

FLINT, MICH.—In reading A History of the Nineteenth Century Year by Year, by Edwin Emerson, Jr., came to a page where the clergy were having a discussion among themselves in regard to the weight of an angel's wing!

Since Vox Pop is so smart, perhaps they could tell me the weight of an angel's wing, as nobody else seems to know, and kindly, at the same time, give me the weight of the devil's hoof.—*P. Jen.*

President Hoover, Senator Wagner, and Depression

BUFFALO, N. Y.—In the article, "Danger Ahead!" in Liberty of July 23, Senator Robert F. Wagner says that his father was a laborer, his mother a janitress, and that therefore he knows what it is to be hungry. Does he mean to insinuate that sons of laborers and janitresses are generally hungry?

Carlos Cebrian

Mr. Wagner says: "I cannot look upon suffering with the detachment of a great engineer." This is the first time many will learn that great engineers look upon suffering with "detachment."

I know of one engineer, Mr. Herbert Hoover, who devoted many years of his life to relieve suffering. I do not know whether he is "great" as an engineer, but I know he is great as President of the United States, and that he was the best Secretary of Commerce that we ever had.

As President he has kept us from going deeper into the ditch of depression, and he will lead us out.—*Carlos Cebrian.*

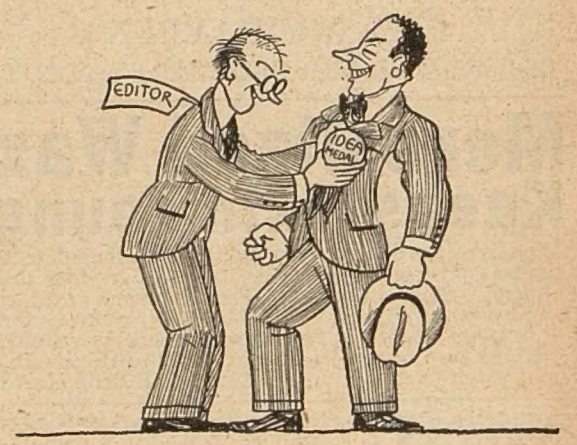
All Right; Paste This in Your Whatnot!

ATLANTA, GA.—Give us more Liberty or—

This is the first time I have Vox Popped, but at last I have an idea—such an unusual thing for me, I feel it must be expelled before complications ensue.

I have read a great many of the Vox Pops you have published. Some of them were pro and some were con. Those that were pro were very pro and those that were con were awful.

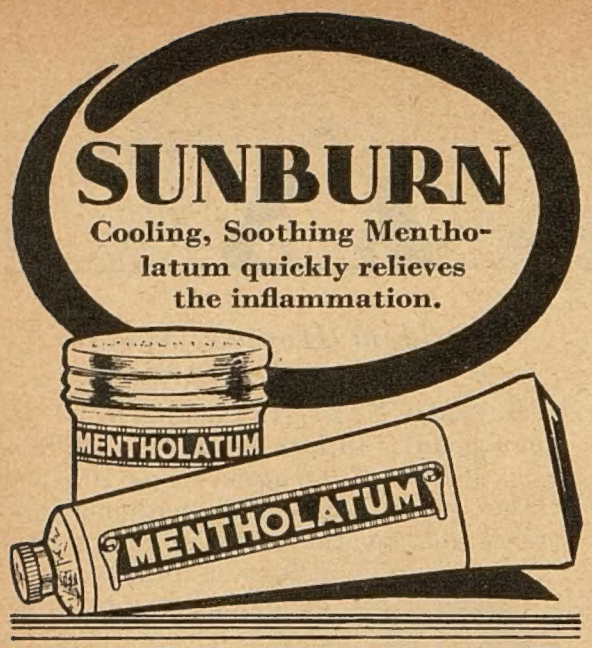
Now the only trouble I see with



Liberty is that it is too little. Won't it ever grow up?

What I mean to say is give us more Liberty or—we'll have to get along with what there is of it.

How about a couple more short stories each week and a page of jokes, wise cracks, or whatnots? I am very fond of whatnots.—*C. C. Cross.*



HAY FEVER

The secret of reducing hay fever attacks, and in many instances preventing them altogether, has been discovered by a St. Louis doctor, who found that the pollen-sensitive nasal membranes are quickly STRENGTHENED by the specially treated beechwood creosote in SINASIPTEC.

Thousands who suffered the miseries of hay fever, have found SINASIPTEC a genuine blessing. Letters from enthusiastic and grateful users show this treatment to be a magnificent success.

Druggists supply a large bottle of SINASIPTEC at modest cost. Satisfaction guaranteed. Tear this out so you remember the name. *Circular on request.* Address "SINASIPTEC," 2122 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

SINASIPTEC
(Pronounced "sina-sip-tek")

AGENTS WANTED

Write us at once for the proposition that hundreds of agents all over the country are making real money with.

No investment required, only *your* time. Experience valuable but not essential. Just tell us you are interested and willing to work and leave the rest to us.

We have shown hundreds the way to better incomes and will show you also.

Positions are open either for part or full time.

Write today. A postcard will do. Address:

E. M. WOHLLEBEN
4th floor, Macfadden Bldg., 1926 B'way, N. Y.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

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YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

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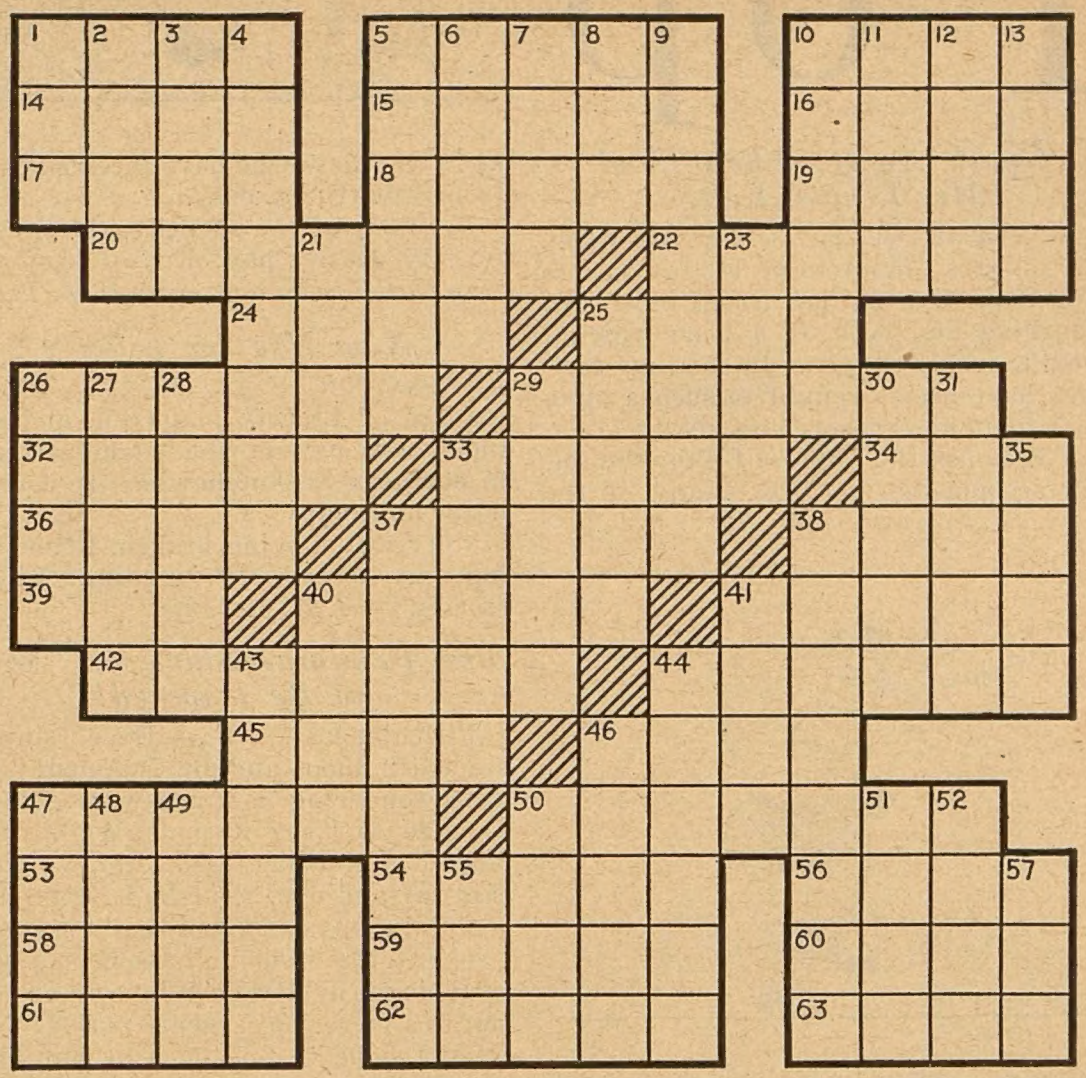
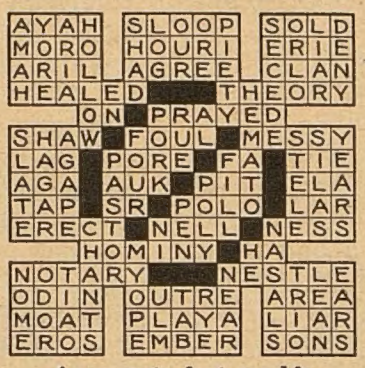
142 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

Cross Words — A New Puzzle





Answer to last week's puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1 Clutch
5 An American pioneer and colonizer
10 Placed or situated obliquely
14 Subtle effluvium
15 Acted wildly or furiously
16 A weed
17 One who foretells events
18 At a little distance from the rest
19 Bottom end of a pulley block
20 A fop (plural)
22 Clinched, as a bargain
24 Succors
25 Bustle
26 Intervals between objects
29 Scantier
32 One of the plates in the mouth of sea urchins
33 Level tracts along the banks of rivers
34 The start of most college yells
36 Dreadful
37 Having a glossy, smooth surface
38 Long hair about the neck of some animals
39 Commotion
40 A fish
41 Measuring device
42 Provoke to anger (variant)
44 Boats
45 Character in Last Days of Pompeii
46 Baronet (abbr.)
47 Arrayed
50 Dirigible
53 Genus of liliaceous plants
54 A large diurnal bird of prey
56 A portent
58 Asterisk
59 Circlets
60 Tardy
61 Foxes
62 Small inflamed swellings on eyelid
63 A small merganser

VERTICAL

1 To talk nonsense
2 Suffered remorse for
3 Sunken court about a building
4 A shellfish found on a rock
5 Narrow binding material
6 Small spots on the planet Mars
7 Genus consisting of sheep
8 Man's name (abbr.)
9 Destitute of teeth
10 Series of steps
11 Man's first name (var.)
12 Irish
13 To thin out
21 A small cubical block (plural)
23 Affected or artificial manners
25 Thin
26 A white alkaline compound, basis of salt
27 Inordinate self-esteem
28 Character in Titus Andronicus
29 To mix with water, as lime
30 One of the Muses
31 Indian princess
33 A mill tail
35 Possessive pronoun
37 Disease of horses, asses, mules, etc.
38 A waxy, crystalline compound (plural)
40 Free mass of floating ice
41 A planet
43 Threads or threadlike structures
44 Fondle
46 The bulge or middle of a barrel
47 To terrify
48 Tenor violin
49 Thoroughfare
50 Sun god of ancient Aryans
51 A title of Mohammed and his four immediate successors
52 Man's nickname
55 A little island
57 Unfamiliar

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

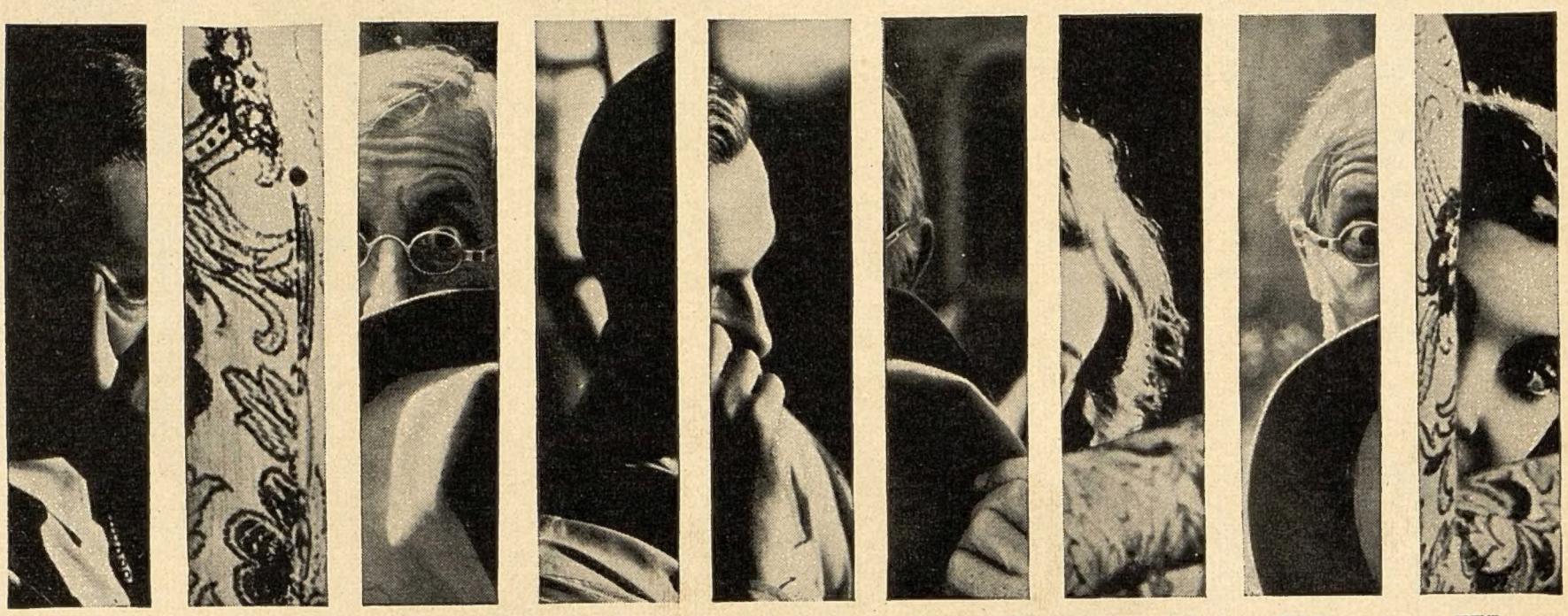
$2,500

MOVIE MYSTERY CONTEST

254 Big Cash Prizes for Liberty Readers

YOU CAN WIN!

Here are cash prizes well worth trying for. $500—$250—$100! Two of $50 each. Four of $25 each. And so on down through the list of 254 cash awards that Liberty will distribute at the close of this contest. Get into line today for your share of the money. Your chance to win one of the major prizes is excellent. Make the most of this opportunity by starting now!



Identifying These Three Movie Stars Will Put You Well On Your Winning Way

THE nine strips printed above, when cut apart and reassembled correctly, will result in pictures of three well known movie players. Assemble the pictures and test your knowledge of the movies by affixing the correct name to each picture. When this is done you will be well on your way towards the finish and the prize money.

Then, if you missed the first three puzzles in the series, send for them. They will be mailed to you without charge. Just send a postcard telling which puzzle or puzzles you want, to MOVIE MYSTERY EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, Lincoln Square, New York, New York.

Do not send in solutions separately. Wait until you have a complete set of thirty assembled and properly identified. The brief, simple rules at the right give complete information. Read them carefully to make sure that your entry will comply with all requirements.

JULY 16 LIMERICK WINNERS NOTE.

We regret that lack of space prevents publication of the July 16 Limerick winners scheduled for this issue. However, checks are being mailed to each winner and their names will be published at the first opportunity together with the last lines which won the major prizes.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish the scrambled portraits of three well known movie players—thirty portraits in all—each posed so that some of the features are obscured. However, when the strips are cut apart and assembled correctly, definitely identifiable portraits will result.
2. Cash prizes, listed in the schedule on this page, will be paid for the 254 most accurately identified sets of thirty assembled portraits accompanied by a message of not more than fifty words that you would most like to receive by telegraph or cable from one of the players identified in your entry.
3. The most accurately identified set accompanied by the best message will be awarded the first prize, etc. Messages will be judged on the basis of originality, plausibility, and neatness.
4. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
5. Do not send in less than a complete set of portraits. Hold all your identifications until you have the complete set of thirty. Print or write your name plainly on the first sheet of your entry. Then mail them together with your message to MOVIE MYSTERY EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
6. Do not submit ornately decorated entries. This is needless expense. A plain entry, if correct, will have just as much weight as a fancy one.
7. All entries must be received not later than Friday, October 21, the closing date of this contest.
8. The contest board of Liberty will be the judges, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize	$500
Second Prize	250
Third Prize	100
Two Prizes, each $50	100
Four Prizes, each $25	100
Forty-five Prizes, each $10	450
200 Prizes, each $5	1,000
254 Prizes—Total	$2,500

WATCH FOR PUZZLE NO. 5 IN THE MOVIE MYSTERY CONTEST WHICH WILL BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK!

Switch to Camels

Never parched or toasted

A BLEND of choice Turkish and mild, sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos—Camels are never parched or toasted. Made fresh and kept fresh in the Camel Humidor Pack, Camels are mild and cool-burning. If you haven't smoked a fresh cigarette lately, switch to Camels for just one day, then leave them—if you can.

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Don't remove the Camel Humidor Pack—it is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. Buy Camels by the carton for home or office. The Humidor Pack keeps Camels fresh

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